
THE MONTHLY VISITOR.

OCTOBER, 1800.

SKETCH OF MRS. SIDDONS.

THE stage has long held its empire over the passions of mankind. Among the Greeks and Romans its influence was most fully predominant. In modern times the power of representing characters is felt, and the exertions of individuals in this department are deserving of particular attention. Several of the best actors have been brought forward in our Miscellany. We are now, therefore, proud of introducing to our readers a *lady*, whose name is familiar to the public ear, and whose talents have secured to her an uncommon celebrity. We shall detail a few particulars respecting her history, and shall be happy to contribute, in any measure, to the gratification of laudable curiosity.

Mrs. Siddons, we understand, is the eldest daughter of a Mr. Kemble, who was once the manager of an itinerant company of comedians, not wanting in respectability. She had an early predilection for the stage, and performed, for some time, in the country, without attracting any particular applause. She even made her *debut* at Drury Lane, and was *indifferently* received; she had, however, the good sense to withdraw and improve herself, instead of indulging her disappointment in fretful and unavailing lamentations.

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Her *second* appearance at Drury Lane, she made on the 10th of October 1782, in the character of *Isabella*, and astonished the house with a display of powers which they never before witnessed. This phenomenon was, on the part of the audience, wholly unexpected; but we highly applaud the efforts which Mrs. Siddons must have made to ensure this superior degree of improvement. On several stages our heroine had made her entrance, and attracted her share of approbation. Country theatres are nurseries for the metropolis, and our best actors have passed through this preparatory school. To the praise of Mrs. Siddons be it spoken, that she duly prized her opportunities, and has given substantial proofs of it to her friends and the public.

Soon after the success of Mrs. Siddons, on the London stage, she went over to Dublin, and here exhibited her powers with uncommon applause. On her return, in the year 1784, she performed by the command of their majesties. This of course greatly aided her celebrity. During the succeeding season she again visited Ireland, and also Edinburgh, in both of which she was honoured with a distinguished degree of approbation. From the inhabitants of one of these places she received a *silver urn*, with this motto, A REWARD TO MERIT!

It is said that her reputation on the stage induced their majesties to employ her at Buckingham-house and Windsor, in reciting dramatic works; such an engagement does honour to both parties. With her remuneration we are unacquainted; but we hope the reward was characterised by a generous liberality.

Mrs. Siddons finding herself advancing in reputation and fortune, occasionally secluded herself from public notice, and devoted herself to the attention of her family. This conduct is entitled to particular commendation.

At country theatres, indeed, this amiable and celebrated actress, even during her seclusion, occasionally

acted. Weymouth, Plymouth, Liverpool, and other places of respectability, enjoyed her exertions. Activity is the trait of genius, and its restlessness, however tormenting to the possessor, becomes the spring of its noblest exhibitions. Indolence is the bane of our natures; it is the mildew blasting the fairest emanations of the human mind, which is most improved by a persevering industry!

The person of Mrs. Siddons is highly favourable to theatrical representations. The modulation of her voice, in conjunction with her countenance and gesture, is absolutely irresistible. It has been justly remarked, that "the flexibility of her features, the expression of her eyes, and the grace of her deportment, have seldom been equalled!"

At present Mrs. Siddons engages only in occasional exhibitions; she is paid so much for each night's performance, and her reputation, it must be added, has suffered no diminution.

In *players* a common complaint has been their deficiency in morals, which certainly lessens, in no small degree, their respectability; but we are happy to assure our readers, that in the subject before us, no objection of the kind has the least foundation. Amiable and beloved in private life, Mrs. Siddons claims and receives the largest portion of public approbation;—the voice of merit, indeed, will be regarded in spite of every effort to suppress it. So true are the words of the ancient moralist—*Opinionum commenta delet dies, nature judicia confirmat*. TIME overthrows the illusions of opinion, but establishes the decisions of nature!

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XLIV.]

CHARITY.

BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

Fairest and foremost of the train that wait
 On man's most dignified and happy state,
 Whether we name thee CHARITY or love,
 Chief grace below, and ALL IN ALL above !

COWPER.

THE prolific muse of COWPER touches on all subjects, and treats every topic with his accustomed ability. In his *Task*, he pursues various themes in one continued narrative of some length ; but in these separate pieces he has selected single objects for his contemplation. *Table Talk*, *Progress of Error*, *Truth*, *Expostulation*, *Hope*, have already passed before us ; and now with pleasure we turn to his celebration of Charity, the brightest and noblest of all the graces by which the human mind can be decorated. It is the great object of pure christianity, and will in a future state of being receive its full consummation. Such a subject, then, is deserving of peculiar attention.

Our *common origin* is thus practically improved :

God working ever on a *social* plan,
 By various ties attaches man to man ;
 He made at first, though free and unconfin'd,
 One man the common father of the kind ;
 That ev'ry tribe, tho' placed as he sees best,
 Where seas or deserts part them from the rest,
 Diff'ring in language, manners, or in face,
 Might feel themselves allied to all the race !

Trade is thus beautifully characterized .

Again the band of commerce was design'd
 T' associate all the branches of mankind,

And if a boundless plenty be the robe,
 Trade is the golden girdle of the globe.
 Wise to promote whatever end he means,
 God opens fruitful nature's various scenes;
 Each climate needs what other climes produce,
 And offers something to the gen'ral use;
 No land but listens to the common call,
 And in return receives supply from all.

The Poet then naturally exclaims, and with a warmth
 suitable to the subject:

But ah! what wish can prosper, or what pray'r
 For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,
 Who drive a loathsome traffic, gage, and span,
 And buy the muscles and the bones of man?
 The tender ties of father, husband, friend,
 All bonds of nature in that moment end,
 And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,
 A stroke as fatal as the scythe of death!

The praises of *Liberty* are thus celebrated:

O! could I worship aught beneath the skies,
 That earth has seen, or fancy can devise,
 Thine altar, sacred *Liberty*, should stand,
 Built by no mercenary vulgar hand;
 With fragrant turf, and flow'rs as wild and fair
 As ever dress'd a bank, or scented summer air.
 Duly as ever on the mountain's height,
 The peep of morning shed a dawning light,
 Again when evening in her sober vest,
 Drew the gray curtain of the fading west,
 My soul should yield thee willing thanks and praise,
 For the chief blessings of my fairest days;
 But that were sacrilege—praise is not thine,
 But *his* who gave thee, and preserves thee mine!

The following portrait of *Charity* is drawn with
 great beauty:

Pure in her aim, and in her temper mild,
 Her wisdom seems the weakness of a child;
 She makes excuses where she might condemn;
 Revil'd by those that hate her, prays for them.

Suspicion lurks not in her artless breast,
 The worst suggested she believes the best;
 Not soon provok'd, however stung and teaz'd,
 And if perhaps made angry, soon appeas'd;
 She rather waves than will dispute her right,
 And injur'd, makes forgiveness her delight!
 Such was the portrait an apostle drew,
 The bright original was one he knew,
 Heaven held his hand, the likeness *must* be true!

Mischievous *wit*, untinctured by CHARITY, is happily compared to the arms which are fancifully disposed in the Tower:

So have I seen (and hastened to the sight,
 On all the wings of holiday delight),
 Where stands that monument of ancient pow'r,
 Nam'd, with emphatic dignity, the Tow'r.
 Guns, halberts, swords, and pistols great and small,
 In starry forms dispos'd upon the wall:
 We wonder as we gazing stand below,
 That brass and steel should make so fine a show,
 But though we praise th' exact designer's skill,
 Account them implements of mischief still!

We close our extract with a fine passage which delineates the nature and perfection of *Charity*:

True CHARITY, a plant divinely nurs'd,
 Fed by the love by which it rose at first;
 Thrives against hope, and in the rudest scene,
 Storms but enliven its unfading green;
 Exuberant in the shadow, it supplies
 Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies!
 Like GOD, the soul thus kindled from above,
 Spreads her wide arms of UNIVERSAL LOVE!
 And still enlarg'd as she receives the grace,
 Includes CREATION in her close embrace!

What a beautiful conclusion!—Mr. COWPER always shines in the illustration of such subjects. They accorded with his benevolent soul, and thus enter-

ing into their spirit, he pourtrays them in all their ramifications, and it must be confessed, with admirable fidelity,

GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XLVI.]

SYNOD OF DORT.

TWO of their divines, elated with victory, insulted a poor fellow, who was a remonstrant, and said, What are you thinking of with that grave and woeful face? "I was thinking, gentlemen," said he, "of a controverted question, Who was the author of sin? Adam shifted it off from himself, and laid it to his wife; she laid it to the serpent; the serpent, who was then young and bashful, had not a word to say for himself; but afterwards growing older and more audacious, he went to the synod of Dort, and there had the assurance to charge it upon God."

Brandt's Reformation, quoted by Jortin Diss.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

THE king of Navarre, in 1580. being advised to retreat singly from the city of Cortres, said, "It is heaven which dictates what I ought to do upon this occasion. Remember, then, that my retreat out of this city, without having secured one to my party, shall be the retreat of my soul from my body."

WHAT IS LOVE?

LOVE's no irregular desire,
No sudden start of raging pain;
Which, in a moment, grows a fire,
And in a moment cools again.

Not found in the sad sonneteer,
Who sings of darts, despair, and chains;
And by whose dismal verse 'tis clear
He wants not sense alone—but brains.

Nor is it centred in the beau,
Who sighs by rule—in order dies;
Whose sense appears in outward show,
And want of wit by dress supplies.

No; love is something so divine,
Description would but make it less;
'Tis what I know—but can't define;
'Tis what I feel—but can't express.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

SOME years ago, as a gentleman was travelling from Strasburg, in company with a merchant of that city, attended by one servant and a favourite dog, the merchant became suddenly indisposed, and giving his horse to the care of his servant, retired among some trees, which grew on one side of the road; upon his endeavouring to remount, the dog seized his coat, and held him with all its strength, growling and barking in a very uncommon manner. Unable to form any idea of the cause, the parties were all a little apprehensive of the animal's being mad. The master lashed him severely, and at length getting from his hold, attempted to pursue his route; but the dog not only continued his barking, but bit at the horse's nose and feet, insomuch that the merchant, who was a man of strong passions, drew a pistol and wounded him mortally. Upon receiving the wound the dog fell, but in a few moments recovered himself, and casting a most piteous look at his enraged master, turned back, and crawled towards the city. The travellers pursued their journey for about three miles, when they stopped at an inn for refreshment. In attempting to discharge the bill, the merchant now found that he had forgot, among the trees, a leather belt, made

in the manner of a shot belt, in which, according to the custom of travellers in Germany, he carried his money; recollecting, however, the privacy of the place, and that no other persons had passed the road, he was not in the least uneasy at the event, and proposed riding back with his servant to recover his property. His fellow-traveller, however, not only offered, but insisted on returning with him. Upon their arrival at the fatal spot, there lay the belt, and on it the sagacious victim of fidelity breathing its last breath in convulsions. A spectacle so extremely melancholy, sensibly affected the whole party; but how was the distress increased, when the merchant, seized by a sudden and violent phrenzy, flew to his second pistol, and endeavoured to lodge the contents in his own body, and his companion and servant were obliged to use the utmost force to prevent him from self-destruction. Having, however, secured him so as to prevent the immediate fatal effects of insanity, they returned to Strasburg; where, notwithstanding every medical effort, the unfortunate merchant in a few days died raving mad!

Epigram on the infamous Judge Jeffries,

WHILE brawling Jeffries marked with blood
His progress in the west,
A noble knight before him stood,
Whom thus the knave address'd:

"How now, my lord, methinks I view
"A villain in thy face;"
"In mine, my lord! I never knew
"It was a looking-glass."

An Oration on Marriage, addressed to the Ladies.

It is with the utmost concern I acquaint you, my young friends, that marriage, an ordinance of God, so honourable in itself, and so absolutely necessary for the maintenance of society, is at present greatly on the de-

cline. The causes of this decay, in so sacred and beneficial an institution (ordained for the happiness of both sexes, in this chequered state of trial and probation,) are various and many, arising from the inadvertencies of both parties; but particularly with respect to the female sex, I am sorry to say, there is too great reason to fear, it proceeds from the gaiety, levity, and extravagance, which so dreadfully appears through the whole nation. Be assured, my amiable hearers, were you to endeavour by a sober, prudent, and discreet behaviour, especially in public, to gain admiration and esteem, you would not want for admirers among the sensible part of mankind, however the insignificant coxcomb might laugh at and despise you; and how pleasing 'it is, to have the love and favour of the wise and discerning few, I leave you to determine; fully convinced of the rectitude of your judgments and the depth of your understandings. I am persuaded, ye tender and discerning fair, were you but to exert one half of that good humour and sagacity you are mistresses of, accompanied with those lovely intellectual graces your maker has endowed you with (though not possess with those beautiful features some of your sex may have) you would gain universal love, and be proof against the strongest attacks of malevolence and ill nature. Let me intreat you, as you value your own characters and the good opinion of the world, to try the experiment without delay; suffer not the fashions of a licentious age, or the delusive pleasures of riot and dissipation, to draw off your attention from the improvement of your minds, the practice of religion, and the love of virtue. Lay aside that anxiety and solicitude for public amusements, which is but too evident through your whole conduct; hearken not to the voice of adulation, and shun the flatterer with a just disdain. Consider yourselves as formed for nobler ends than to be gazed at by the passing crowd, and act up to your dignity as immortal beings. Aim to be neat but not fine, agreeable not handsome,

and virtuous without formality. Let your conversation be intermixed with the sprightliness of wit, the flowings of good sense, and the sweetness of affability; your behaviour intermingled with modesty without reserve, and merriment without levity. Be sober but not dull, pleasant without folly, and prudent without ostentation. Endeavour to be truly beautiful within, and your persons cannot fail of being lovely.

NARRATIVE

OF THE

INFANCY AND YOUTH OF ROBERT BURNS,

THE SCOTCH POET.

Written by Himself.

[From Dr. Currie's new Edition of the Works of Burns.]

(Concluded from our last.)

“MY father struggled on till he reached the freedom in his lease, when he entered on a larger farm, about ten miles farther in the country. The nature of the bargain made, was such as to throw a little ready money into his hands at the commencement of his lease, otherwise the affair would have been impracticable. For four years we lived comfortably here, but a difference commencing between him and his landlord as to terms, after three years tossing and whirling in the vortex of litigation, my father was just saved from the horrors of a jail, by a consumption, which, after two years promises, kindly stepped in, and carried him away, “to where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest!”

“It is during the time that we lived on this farm, that my little story is most eventful. I was, at the beginning of this period, perhaps the most ungainly auk-

ward boy in the parish; no *solitaire* was less acquainted with the ways of the world. What I knew of ancient story was gathered from *Salmon's* and *Guthrie's* geographical grammars; and the ideas I had formed of modern manners, of literature, and criticism, I got from the *Spectator*. These, with *Pope's Works*, some plays of Shakespeare, *Tull* and *Dickson* on Agriculture, the *Pantheon*, *Locke's Essay* on the Human Understanding, *Stackhouse's History* of the Bible, *Justices's British Gardener's Dictionary*, *Bayle's Lectures*, *Allan Ramsay's Works*, *Taylor's Scripture Doctrine* of Original Sin, a Select Collection of English Songs, and *Harvey's Meditations*, had formed the whole of my reading. The collection of songs was my *vade mecum*. I pored over them driving my cart, or walking to labour, song by song, verse by verse; carefully noting the true, tender, or sublime, from affectation and fustian. I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critic-craft, such as it is.

"In my seventeenth year, to give my manners a brush, I went to a country dancing-school. My father had an unaccountable antipathy against these meetings, and my going was, what to this moment I repent, in opposition to his wishes. My father, as I said before, was subject to strong passions; from that instance of disobedience in me, he took a sort of dislike to me, which I believe was one cause of the dissipation which marked my succeeding years. I say dissipation, comparatively with the strictness, and sobriety, and regularity of Presbyterian country life; for though the will-o-wisp meteors of thoughtless whim were almost the sole lights of my path, yet early ingrained piety and virtue kept me for several years afterwards, within the line of innocence. The great misfortune of my life was to want an aim. I had felt early some stirrings of ambition, but they were the blind gropings of *Homer's Cyclops* round the walls of his cave. I saw my father's situation entailed on me perpetual labour. The only

two openings by which I could enter the temple of fortune, was the gate of niggardly œconomy, or the path of little chicaning bargain-making. The first is so contracted an aperture, I never could squeeze myself into it—the last I always hated—there was contamination in the very entrance!—Thus abandoned of aim or view in life, with a strong appetite for sociability, as well from native hilarity, as from a pride of observation and remark; a constitutional melancholy or hypochondriasm that made me fly solitude; add to these incentives to social life, my reputation for bookish knowledge, a certain wild logical talent, and a strength of thought, something like the rudiments of good sense, and it will not seem surprising that I was generally a welcome guest where I visited, or any great wonder that always where two or three met together, there I was among them. But far beyond all other impulses of my heart, was *un penchant a l'adorable moitié du genre humain*. My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other; and as in every other warfare in this world, my fortune was various, sometimes I was received with favour, and sometimes I was mortified with a repulse. At the plough, scythe, reap-hook, I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance; and as I never cared farther for my labours than while I was in actual exercise, I spent the evenings in the way after my own heart. A country lad seldom carries on a love-adventure without an assisting confidant. I possessed a curiosity, zeal, and intrepid dexterity, that recommended me as a proper second on these occasions, and I dare say, I felt as much pleasure in being in the secrets of half the loves of the parish of Tarbolton, as ever did statesmen in knowing the intrigues of half the courts of Europe. The very goose feather in my hand seems to know instinctively the wellworn path of my imagination, the favourite theme of my song; and is with difficulty restrained from giving you a couple of paragraphs on the love adventures of my compeers, the

humble inmates of the farm-house and cottage—but the grave sons of science, ambition, or avarice, baptize these things by the name of follies. To the sons and daughters of labour and poverty they are matters of the most serious nature; to them the ardent hope, the stolen interview, the tender farewell, are the greatest and most delicious parts of their enjoyments.

“Another circumstance in my life, which made some alteration in my mind and manners, was, that I spent my nineteenth summer on a smuggling coast, a good distance from home, at a noted school, to learn mensuration, surveying, dialing, &c. in which I made a pretty good progress. But I made a greater progress in the knowledge of mankind. The contraband trade was at that time very successful, and it sometimes happened to me to fall in with those who carried it on. Scenes of swaggering riot and roaring dissipation were till this time new to me, but I was no enemy to social life. Here, though I learned to fill my glass, and to mix without fear in a drunken squabble, yet I went on with a high hand with my geometry, till the sun entered Virgo, a month which is always carnival in my bosom, when a charming *fillette*, who lived next door to the school, upset my trigonometry, and set me off at a tangent from the sphere of my studies. I, however, struggled on with my *sines* and *co-sines* for a few days more; but stepping into the garden one charming noon, to take the sun's altitude, there I met my angel,

“Like Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower.”

“It was in vain to think of doing any more good at school. The remaining week I staid I did nothing but craze the faculties of my soul about her, or steal out to meet her: and the two last nights of my stay in the country, had sleep been a mortal sin, the image of this modest and innocent girl had kept me guiltless.

" I returned home very considerably improved. My reading was enlarged with the very important addition of Thomson's and Shenstone's Works; I had seen human nature in a new phasis; and engaged several of my school-fellows to keep up a literary correspondence with me. This improved me in composition. I had met with a collection of letters by the wits of Queen Anne's reign, and I pored over them most devoutly. I kept copies of my own letters that pleased me, and a comparison between them and the composition of most of my correspondents flattered my vanity. I carried this whim so far, that though I had not three farthings worth of business in the world, yet almost every post brought me as many letters as if I had been a broad plodding son of day-book and ledger.

" My life flowed on much in the same course till my twenty-third year. *Five l'amour, et vive la bagatelle*, were my sole principles of action. The addition of two more authors to my library gave me great pleasure; *Sterne* and *McKenzie*—*Tristram Shandy* and *the Man of Feeling* were my bosom favourites. Poesy was still a darling walk for my mind, but it was only indulged in according to the humour of the hour. I had usually half a dozen or more pieces on hand; I took up one or other as it suited the momentary tone of the mind, and dismissed the work as it bordered on fatigue. My passions, when once lighted up, raged like so many devils, till they got vent in rhyme; and then in conning over my verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet! None of the rhymes of those days are in print, except *Winter, a dirge*, the eldest of my printed pieces; *the Death of Poor Molly*, *John Barleycorn*, and songs first, second, and third (vol. 3.) Song second was the ebullition of that passion which ended the forementioned school business.

" My twenty-third year was to me an important æra. Partly through whim, and partly that I wished to set about doing something in life, I joined a flax-dresser in

a neighbouring town (Irvine), to learn his trade. This was an unlucky affair. My ***, and to finish the whole, as we were giving a welcoming carousal to the new year, the shop took fire and burnt to ashes, and I was left, like a true poet, not worth a sixpence

“ I was obliged to give up this scheme; the clouds of misfortune were gathering thick round my father's head; and what was worst of all, he was visibly far gone in a consumption; and, to crown my distresses, a *belle fille*, whom I adored, and who had pledged her soul to meet me in the field of matrimony, jilted me with peculiar circumstances of mortification. The finishing evil that brought up the rear of this infernal file, was my constitutional melancholy being increased to such a degree, that for three months I was in a state of mind scarcely to be envied by the hopeless wretches who have got their mittimus—*depart from me, ye cursed!*”

“ From this adventure I learned something of a town life; but the principal thing which gave my mind a turn was a friendship I formed with a young fellow, a very noble character, but a hapless son of misfortune. He was the son of a simple mechanic, but a great man in the neighbourhood taking him under his patronage, gave him a genteel education, with a view of bettering his situation in life. The patron dying just as he was ready to launch out into the world, the poor fellow in despair went to sea; where, after a variety of good and ill fortune, a little before I was acquainted with him, he had been set ashore by an American privateer, on the wild coast of Connaught, stripped of every thing. I cannot quit this poor fellow's story without adding, that he is at this time master of a large West Indiaman belonging to the Thames.

“ His mind was fraught with independence, magnanimity, and every manly virtue. I loved and admired him to a degree of enthusiasm, and of course strove to imitate him. In some measure I succeeded. I had pride before, but he taught it to flow in proper chan-

nels. His knowledge of the world was vastly superior to mine, and I was all attention to learn. He was the only man I ever saw who was a greater fool than myself, where woman was the presiding star; but he spoke of illicit love with the levity of a sailor, which hitherto I had regarded with horror. Here his friendship did me a mischief, and the consequence was, that soon after I resumed the plough, I wrote the Poet's Welcome*. My reading only increased while in this town by two stray volumes of Pamela, and one of Ferdinand Count Fathom, which gave me some idea of novels. Rhyme, except some religious pieces that are in print, I had given up; but meeting with Ferguson's Scottish Poems, I strung anew my wildly sounding lyre with emulating vigour. When my father died, his all went among the hell-hounds that growl in the kennel of justice; but we made a shift to collect a little money in the family amongst us, with which, to keep us together, my brother and I took a neighbouring farm. My brother wanted my hair-brained imagination, as well as my social and amorous madness; but in good sense, and every sober qualification, he was far my superior.

"I entered on this farm with a full resolution, *come go to, I will be wise!* I read farming books, I calculated crops; I attended markets; and, in short, in spite of *the devil, the world, and the flesh*, I believe I should have been a wise man; but the first year, from unfortunately buying bad seed, the second from a late harvest, we lost half our crops. This upset all my wisdom, and I returned, *like the dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire.*

"I now began to be known in the neighbourhood as a maker of rhymes. The first of my poetic offspring that saw the light was a burlesque lamentation on a quarrel between two reverend Calvinists, both of them *dramatis personæ* in my *Holy Fair*. I had a notion

* Rob the Rhymer's Welcome to his Bastard Child.

myself, that the piece had some merit; but to prevent the worst, I gave a copy of it to a friend who was very fond of such things, and told him that I could not guess who was the author of it, but that I thought it pretty clever. With a certain description of the clergy, as well as laity, it met with a roar of applause. *Holy Willie's Prayer* next made its appearance, and alarmed the kirk session so much, that they held several meetings to look over their spiritual artillery, if happily any of it might be pointed against profane rhymers. Unluckily for me, my wanderings led me on another side, within point blank shot of their heaviest metal. This is the unfortunate story that gave rise to my printed poem *the Lament*. This was a most melancholy affair, which I cannot yet bear to reflect on, and had very nearly given me one or two of the principal qualifications for a place among those who have lost the chart, and mistaken the reckoning of rationality. I gave up my part of the farm to my brother; in truth it was only nominally mine; and made what little preparations was in my power for Jamaica. But, before leaving my native country for ever, I resolved to publish my poems. I weighed my productions as impartially as was in my power; I thought they had merit; and it was a delicious idea that I should be called a clever fellow, even though it should never reach my ears—a poor negro-driver—or perhaps a victim to that inhospitable clime, and gone to the world of spirits! I can truly say, *pauvre inconnu* as I then was, I had pretty nearly as high an idea of myself and of my works, as I have at this moment, when the public has decided in their favour. It ever was my opinion, that the mistakes and blunders both in a rational and religious point of view, of which we see thousands daily guilty, are owing to their ignorance of themselves.

“To know myself had been all along my favourite study. I weighed myself alone; I balanced myself with others; I watched every means of information, to see

how much ground I occupied as a man and as a poet ; I studied assiduously nature's design in my formation ; where the lights and shades in my character were intended. I was pretty confident my poems would meet with some applause ; but at the worst, the roar of the Atlantic would deafen the voice of censure, and the novelty of West Indian scenes make me forget neglect. I threw off 600 copies, of which I had got subscriptions for about 350.—My vanity was highly gratified by the reception I met with from the public ; and besides, I pocketed, all expences deducted, nearly twenty pounds. This sum came very seasonably, as I was thinking of indenting myself for want of money to procure my passage. As soon as I was master of nine guineas, the price of wafting me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde, for

“ Hungry ruin had me in the wind.”

“ I had now been for some days skulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail. As some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels, I had taken the last farewell of my few friends ; my chest was on the road to Greenock, I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, “ the gloomy night is gathering fast,” when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition—The doctor belonged to a set of critics, for whose applause I had not dared to hope. His opinion that I would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition, fired me so much, that away I posted for that city, without a single acquaintance, or a single letter of introduction. The baneful star that had so long shed its blasting influence in my zenith, for once made a revolution to the nadir ; and a kind providence placed me under the pa-

tronage of one of the noblest of men, the earl of Glencairn. *Oublie moi, grand Dieu, si jamais je l'oublie !*

" I need relate no farther. At Edinburgh I was in a new world ; I mingled among classes of men, but all of them new to me, and I was all attention to *catch* the characters and *the manners living as they rise*. Whether I have profited, time will shew."

EXTRACTS

FROM

ROSCOE'S CELEBRATED LORENZO DE MEDICI.

HOPE'S ATTENDANTS.

ILLUSIVE beings round their sovereign wait,
Deceitful dreams, and auguries, and lies,
In numerous arts the gaping crowd to cheat,
Predictions wild, and groundless prophecies ;
With wond'rous words, or written rolls of fate
Foretelling—when 'tis past—what yet shall rise ;
And alchymy and astrologic skill,
And fond conjecture, always formed at will.

LOVER'S CHAIN.

DEAR are those bonds my willing heart that bind,
Formed of three chords in mystic union twin'd ;
The first by beauty's rosy fingers wove,
The next by pity, and the third by love.
—The hour that gave this wond'rous texture birth,
Saw in sweet union, heaven, and air, and earth ;
Serene and soft, all ether breathed delight,
The sun diffused a mild and temper'd light ;
New leaves the trees, sweet flowers adorn'd the mead,
And sparkling rivers gushed along the glade.

Reposed on Jove's own breast his favourite child,
The Cyprian queen, beheld the scene, and smil'd;
Then with both hands from her ambrosial head
And amorous breast a shower of roses shed;
The heavenly shower descending soft and slow,
Poured all its fragrance on my fair below,
Whilst all benign, the ruler of the spheres,
To sounds celestial open'd mortal ears.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

IN the following beautiful and affecting Address of Lorenzo to the Deity, the sublimity of the Hebrew original is tempered with the softer notes of the Italian muse.

All nature hear the sacred song!
Attend, O earth! the solemn strain!
Ye whirlwinds wild that sweep along,
Ye darkening storms of beating rain,
Umbrageous glooms and forests drear,
And solitary deserts, hear!

Be still, ye winds, whilst to the Maker's praise,
The creature of his power aspires his voice to raise.

O may the solemn breathing sound
Like incense rise before the throne,
Where he whose glory knows no bound,
Great cause of all things, dwell alone!
'Tis he I sing, whose powerful hand
Balanced the skies, outspread the land;
Who spoke—from ocean's stores sweet waters came,
And burst resplendent forth the heaven-aspiring flame.

One general song of praise arise
To him whose goodness ceaseless flows;
Who dwells enthron'd beyond the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows.
Great source of intellect, his ear
Benign receives our vows sincere:
Rise then, my active powers, your task fulfil,
And give to him your praise responsive to my will.

Partaker of that living stream
 Of light that pours an endless blaze,
 O let thy strong reflected beam,
 My understanding speak his praise :
 My soul in stedfast love secure,
 Praise him whose word is ever sure.
 To him sole just my sense of right incline,
 Join every prostrate limb, my ardent spirit join.
 Let all of good this bosom fires,
 To him sole good give praises due :
 Let all the truth himself inspires,
 Unite to sing him only true.
 To him my every thought ascend,
 To him my hopes my wishes bend.
 From earth's wide bounds let louder hymns arise,
 And his own word convey the pious sacrifice.

In ardent adoration join,
 Obedient to thy holy will,
 Let all my faculties combin'd,
 Thy just desires, O God, fulfil.
 From thee deriv'd, eternal king,
 To thee our noblest powers we bring.
 O may thy hand direct our wandering way!
 O bid thy light arise, and chase the clouds away!

Eternal spirit ! whose command
 Light, life, and being, gave to all ;
 O hear the creature of thy hand,
 Man constant on thy goodness call :
 By fire, by water, air and earth,
 That soul to thee that owes its birth,
 By these he supplicates thy blest repose,
 Absent from thee, no rest his wandering spirit knows !

PROVINCIAL POETRY.

FEW attempts have been made in England to adopt the provincial idiom of the inhabitants to the language of poetry. Neither the *Shepherd's Calendar* of Spenser

ser, nor the *Pastorals* of Gay, possess that native simplicity and close adherence to the manners and language of country life, which ought to form the basis of this kind of composition. Whether the dialect of Scotland be more favourable to attempts of this nature, or whether we are to seek for the fact in the character of the people, or the peculiar talents of the writers, certain it is, that the idiom of that country has been much more successfully employed in poetical composition than that of any other part of these kingdoms, and that this practice may be there traced to a very early period. In later times, the beautiful dramatic poem of the *Gentle Shepherd* has exhibited rusticity without vulgarity, and elegant sentiment without affectation. Like the heroes of Homer, the characters of this piece can engage in the humblest without degradation. If to this production we add the beautiful and interesting poems of the Ayrshire ploughman, we may venture to assert, that neither in Italy nor in any other country has this species of poetry been cultivated with greater success. The *Carter's Saturday Night* is perhaps unrivalled in its kind in any language.

REVIVAL OF THE DRAMA.

IF, during the darkness of the middle ages, the drama, that great school of human life and manners, as established among the ancients, was totally lost, it was not without a substitute in most of the nations of Europe, though of a very imperfect and degraded kind. To this factitious species of dramatic representation, which led the minds of the people from the imitation of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and closed their eyes to their excellencies, we are probably to attribute the slow progress which, in the revival of letters, took place in this important department. Innumerable attempts have, indeed, been made to trace the origin of

the modern drama; and the Italians, the Germans, the Spaniards, the French, and the English, have successively claimed priority of each other. But questions of this kind scarcely admit of decision. Imitation is natural to man in every state of society; and where shall we draw a line of distinction between the polished productions of Racine, and the pantomimes of Bartholomew fair? This propensity to imitation operating upon the religious or superstitious views of the clergy, produced at length that species of exhibition which was formerly known throughout Europe by the name of Mysteries; but it is probable, that for a long time they were merely calculated to strike the eyes of the spectators. In the city of Florence they were often prepared at the public expence, and at times by rich individuals, for the purpose of displaying their wealth, and conciliating the public favour. Four days in the year were solemnly celebrated by the four districts of the city, in honour of their patron saints; but the feast of St. John, the tutelary saint of Florence, was provided not at the expence of the particular district which bore his name, but of the city at large. The fabrication of these spectacles employed the abilities of the best artists and engineers of the time.

It was not, however, till the age of Lorenzo de Medici, that these ill-judged representations began to assume a more respectable form, and to be united with dialogue. One of the earliest examples of the sacred drama was the representation of *S. Giovanni e S. Paolo*, by Lorenzo de Medici. Cionacci conjectures that this piece was written at the time of the marriage of Madalena, one of the daughters of Lorenzo, to Francesco Cibo, nephew of Innocent the Eighth, and that it was performed by his own children, there being many passages which seem to be intended as precepts for such as are entrusted with the direction of the state, and which particularly point out the line of conduct which he and his ancestors had pursued in obtaining and preserving

their influence in Florence. The coadjutors of Lorenzo, in this attempt to meliorate the imperfect state of the drama, were I'eo Belcari, Bernardo Pulci, and his wife. That Lorenzo had it in contemplation to employ dramatic composition in other subjects, is also apparent. Among his poems, published at the end of the present work, will be found an attempt to substitute the deities of Greece and Rome for the saints and martyrs of the christian church; but the jealous temper of the national religion seems for a time to have restrained the progress which might otherwise have been expected in this important department of letters. Some years after the death of Lorenzo, a more decided effort was made by Bernardo Accolti, in his drama of *Virginia*, founded on one of the novels of Boccacio; and this again was followed at a short interval by the *Sofonisba* of Trissino, and the *Rosmunda* of Giovanni Rucellai, two pieces which are justly considered as the first regular productions of the drama in modern times.

LITERARY CHARACTER OF LORENZO.

WE have taken a review of the chief part of the poems which yet remain of Lorenzo de Medici, and have seen him by his own example stimulating his countrymen to the pursuit of literature. The restorer of the lyric poetry of Italy, the promoter of the dramatic, the founder of the satyric, rustic, and other modes of composition, he is not merely entitled to the rank of a poet, but may justly be placed among the distinguished few, who by native strength have made their way through paths before untrodden. Talent may follow and improve; emulation and industry may polish and refine, but genius alone can break those barriers that restrain the throng of mankind in the common track of life.

REVIVAL OF LETTERS.

IF we advert to the night of thick darkness in which the world had been long enveloped, we may easily conceive the sensations that took place in the minds of men, when the gloom began to disperse, and the spectres of false science, by turns fantastic and terrific, gave way to the distinct and accurate forms of nature and truth. The Greeks who visited Italy in the early part of the 15th century, if they did not diffuse a thorough knowledge of their language, and of those sciences which they exclusively possessed, at least prepared a safe asylum for the muses and the arts, who had long trembled at the approach, and at length fled before the fierce aspect of Mahomet II. From that period, a new order of things took place in Italy. The construction of language was investigated on philosophical principles; the maxims of sound criticism began to supplant the scholastic subtilties which had perverted for ages the powers of the human mind; and men descended from their fancied eminence among the regions of speculation and hypothesis, to tread the earth with a firm foot, and to gain the temple of fame by a legitimate though laborious path.

REPLY OF AN ADVERSARY.

IN answer to a sarcasm which Palitiano might well have spared, Merula replies, " You reproach me with my grey locks—I feel not their effects. I yet possess vigour of mind and strength of body; celerity of thought, and tenacity of memory: of *these* let Palitiano beware."

LEARNED WOMEN.

AMONG the circumstances favourable to the promotion of letters in the 15th century, another yet remains to be noticed, which it would be unpardonable to omit, and which, if it did not greatly contribute towards their progress, certainly tended not only to render the study of the languages more general, but to remove the idea that the acquisition of them was attended with any extraordinary difficulty. This was the partiality shewn to these studies, and the proficiency made in them by *women*, illustrious by their birth, or eminent for their personal accomplishments. Among these, Alessandra was peculiarly distinguished. The extraordinary beauty of her person was surpassed by the endowments of her mind. At an early age, she was a proficient not only in the Latin but the Greek tongue, which she had studied under Joannes Lascar and Demetrius Chalcondyles. Such an union of excellence attracted the attention, and is supposed to have engaged the affections of Politiano; but Alessandra gave her hand to the Greek Marullus, who enjoyed at Florence the favour of Lorenzo de Medici, and in the elegance of his Latin compositions emulated the Italians themselves. Hence probably arose those dissensions between Marullus and Politiano, the monuments of which yet remain in their writings.

Of yet greater celebrity is the name of Cassandra Fidelis. Descended from ancestors who had changed their residence from Milan to Venice, and had uniformly added to the respectability of their rank by their uncommon learning. She began at an early age to prosecute her studies with great diligence, and acquired such a knowledge of the learned languages, that with justice she may be enumerated among the first scholars of the age. The letters which occasionally passed between Cassandra and Politiano demonstrate their mutual esteem, if indeed such expression be suf-

sufficient to characterize the feelings of Palitiano, who expresses in language unusually florid his high admiration of her extraordinary acquirements, and his expectation of the benefits which the cause of letters would derive from her labours and example. In the year 1491, the Florentine scholar made a visit to Venice, where the favourable opinion which he had formed of her writings was confirmed by a personal interview. "Yesterday," says he, writing to his great patron, "I paid a visit to the celebrated Cassandra, to whom I presented your respects. She is, indeed, a surprising woman, as well from her acquirements in her own language as in the Latin, and in my opinion she may be called handsome. I left her, astonished at her talents." From a letter of this lady many years afterwards to Leo X. we learn that an epistolary correspondence had subsisted between her and Lorenzo de Medici; and it is with concern we perceive, that the remembrance of this intercourse is revived in order to induce the pontiff to bestow on her some pecuniary assistance, she being then a widow, with a numerous train of dependents. She lived, however, to an advanced period, and died in the year 1588, having then completed a full century. Her literary acquirements, and the reputation of her early associates, threw a lustre on her declining years; and as her memory remained unimpaired to the last, she was resorted to from all parts of Italy, as a living monument of those happier days which were never adverted to without regret.

That this attention to serious studies, by which these celebrated women distinguished themselves, was the characteristic of the sex in general, cannot perhaps with truth be asserted. The admiration bestowed on those who had signalized themselves, affords indeed a strong presumption to the contrary. Yet the pretensions of the sex to literary eminence were not confined to these instances. The Italian historians have noticed many other women of high rank, who obtained by their learn-

ing no inconsiderable share of applause. Palitiano celebrates as a tenth muse a lady of Sienna, to whom he gives the name of Cecca; and from the numerous pieces in the learned languages professedly addressed to women, we may reasonably infer, that these studies were at that time more generally diffused amongst them than they have been at any subsequent period.

*Is a public or a private Station most favourable to
Happiness?*

Be wise,
All that ever mortals prize,
Honour, pleasure,
Power, treasure,
Are oft obtain'd,
Oft'ner disdain'd,

But still, with or without them, happiness is gain'd.

AUTH. OF THE RAT. CATECH.

BY a public station, I apprehend is meant, a station of some power and influence, or that which is some way or other of more than ordinary weight and significance, either to the public in general, or to the particular community to which it more immediately relates; and by a private station, that in which our conduct is of no very considerable consequence but to ourselves or families. Now I think it is pretty evident, that the only circumstance that occasions the former to be so generally desired, is the honours or profits that are usually annexed to them. Take away these, and our present question, perhaps, would hardly be thought to deserve a discussion; and I believe it will pretty easily appear, upon reflection, that however reasonable and beneficent to society it may be, that such honours and emoluments should be the usual appendages of public characters, yet it is not therefore always reason-

able to covet them, or be anxiously concerned to thrust ourselves into them; for these, in common with all others, may entirely defeat their own ends, by being improperly, and therefore unnaturally applied to subjects to which they are by no means adapted. It is not every man that has either natural or acquired abilities equal to a dignity that vanity and ambition may prompt him to aspire after. Most of them that are not mere sinecures (which should rather be called public *pensions* than *stations*) require a more than ordinary share of natural prudence, an extensive experience in men and manners, and some of them a peculiar address and skill in the arts of popularity; and with regard to these last, there is very often this particular unhappiness (owing to a corrupt and vitiated taste indeed) that men of the largest understandings and greatest integrity are the most strongly disposed to neglect and disdain them. But still, where these are wanting, what is the consequence but a visible decay of that respect and authority which is due to the character we assume, and of course (I speak of worldly and temporary motives only) instead of inward satisfaction, we have inward chagrin and vexation; instead of public honour, public disgrace and obloquy, and perhaps an ignominious deprivation of those very dignities which we so much and so injudiciously coveted. And then what is the sum of that imaginary happiness resulting from them? Just as much as a reasonable man finds in unreasonable pleasures (to which however, he has like ourselves, in this case, an eager propensity), but both the one and the other fails of their end, and for the same cause, since these dignities are as ill fitted to the particular cast of our understandings or tempers, as vitious pleasures are to reason in general.

But supposing we have interest or skill enough to keep our post, and secure its revenues, we may yet want both the head and the heart to convert them to any solid advantage to ourselves or others, the only circumstances that make the possession of them desirable; and if men

use not these talents to their own and others good, it is great odds but they will do it to their hurt. Power that is not exerted to the discouragement of evil doers, and the praise of them that do well, will probably end in violence and wanton oppression. Riches, beside what is needful to procure the necessities and desirable conveniencies of life, if not disposed of in proper acts of beneficence, will probably administer to luxury, vanity, and intemperance. In short, there is no remedy, but that a man who has an affluent fortune, and knows not to use it, must either heap it together, and pay his devotions to it as a kind of household deity, or scatter it in profuse and hurtful extravagance; and in either case, who that knows what he says will call it a happiness, when instead of procuring us any real happiness, either here or hereafter, it puts us to the manifest hazard of ruining both? The truth is, happiness is not absolutely entailed upon any station, whether high or low, private or public; they have each their peculiar, though perhaps not equal advantages; but that these advantages actually produce to us their natural proportion of happiness, entirely depends upon the blessing of God upon our endeavours wisely to improve them; so that, to the enquiry whether (humanely speaking) a public or a private station be most likely to render a man happy? it may, I think, be answered, absolutely neither, but either, according to the capacity and fitness of the subject. But if the question be put thus, Whether, considering the general weakness and peccability of man, men in common are most likely to attain happiness in the one or the other? the answer then, I think, must be evidently in the latter; for the narrower the sphere of action, the less capacity is required to move in it; or, to use the metaphor of one of the greatest moralists of antiquity, the more inferior the part we sustain in the drama, the less skill is required to perform it with propriety, and consequently private stations in ge-

neral are evidently best adapted to that measure of capacity which providence has thought fit to dispense to far the greater part of mankind.

I have before observed, that every station has some advantages peculiar to itself; and it may here be proper to add, that they have all their disadvantages also, by which they at once try the strength, and from different quarters attack the weakness of human nature; but the trials in both kinds are ever observed to be the greatest and most dangerous in extremes. Great prosperity is exceedingly apt to puff up and elate, and great adversity to dispirit and depress; the one but too naturally begets insolence, the other often subjects us to the disagreeable necessity of bearing it, and both are circumstances very unfavourable to a calm, composed, and regular discharge of our duty to God and man. These apprehensions were, I doubt not, the ground of those remarkable petitions of Agur, Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me, lest I be full, and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal and take the name of my God in vain; or as Mr. Pope expresses much the same thought in his Universal Prayer,

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent——

And no doubt can be made, that speaking according to the usual course of things, we are most likely to keep at an equal distance from this hurtful disposition, when we are placed at an equal remove from those extremes of fortune which but too readily lead to them. To which we may add this further remark, that it is possible for a man, by a due government of his passions, to be pretty easy and content in a station to which he is by nature far more than equal; but it is scarce possible by any art or management to be tolerably

happy in a station to which we are by nature very much inferior.

Upon the whole, we may, I think, conclude upon these as unquestionable truths: that men in their best estate, be their abilities or stations what they will, are in the present life not *absolutely*, but only *relatively* and *comparatively* happy; that there are no stations in which a vicious man, who is a slave to his passions, can possibly be happy in any sense; that there are few which, to a truly virtuous and good man, are not tolerable even in this life, and none at all which can hinder his being finally and consummately happy in life everlasting.

I shall close this very imperfect Essay with a remarkable colloquy (related by *Plutarch*) between *Solon* and *Cræsus*, king of *Lydia*, which, if I mistake not, insinuates a more sublime lesson of heathen morality than is commonly to be met with.

The philosopher, he tells us, upon occasion of his arrival at the prince's court, was received with all possible expressions of grandeur and magnificence. Nothing was omitted that he thought could contribute to raise a great idea in this celebrated man of a monarch who was rich to a proverb. But it seems he viewed all his splendid regalia and immense treasures with an indifference that equally surprised and disappointed his vanity; insomuch that he was moved to ask him, if he had any where met with a man more happy than himself? "Yes," answered *Solon*, naming a person that in a middling station had finished an honest and virtuous life. The king, yet more surprised, asked him, if he knew any other? He gave him two like instances of persons of a yet lower rank. "What!" replies the king with some warmth, "do you prefer the happiness of the meanest of the people to mine?" *Solon*, unwilling to give him any unseasonable provocation, explains himself with the utmost address, by representing these sentiments as the peculiar turn of his countrymen. "We Grecians," says he, "observing the

instability of human life, think no man should be lifted up with his present fortune, nor can we esteem that to be happiness which is ever liable to so much interruption, but think him only happy who hath closed life WELL. The prosperity," continues he, "of the present life is as dubious and uncertain as the victory of a soldier engaged in the field of battle."

Portsmouth.

JOHN STURCH, JUN.

HINTS TO THE LADIES.

IT has often been remarked, that the generality of females have many admirers, and, at the same time, few or no lovers; and they wonder at it: but the reason is obvious if they thought, but thinking is become quite unfashionable. "Ah!" said a venerable virgin, lamenting the degeneracy of the age, "courting is nothing to what it was when I was young! The flirts now a days make the fellows so saucy, that there is hardly to be found a respectful lover."

The observation was just. The women of the last age were more respected, because they were more reserved. For want of a proper reserve, they are treated with an indifference which is nearly allied to contempt; they make themselves too cheap to keep up their consequence, without which they can never be respectable.

To speak philosophically, a woman must repel before she can attract. All this advice may sound oddly to a female ear; but she who laughs at it, pays no compliment to her understanding.

Ovid, who knew human nature tolerably well, discovered not a little penetration when he made Daphne fly so fast from her laurelled lover, for his passion was increased by the pursuit.

Our modern Daphnes are quite other sort of people. Instead of flying from, they run into the arms of their Apollos, and are afterwards surprised that they grow cool to their charms. Lovers are like sportsmen, to whom the possession of the game is nothing to the pleasure of the chase. If women would study less to please they would give more pleasure. This is a paradox, which those for whom I throw out these reflexions cannot comprehend, and, till they can, they will never make their fortunes by their faces. The roses of youth are not long in bloom, and when time has torn them away, there's an end to love at first sight; and on that, they seem, by their manner of setting themselves off, chiefly to depend.

The modern fine ladies carry their heads well, I must own, and have fine sweeping tails; but when a man of sense would choose a wife, he expects to meet other good qualities than those which might well recommend a horse!

To be stared at a few seasons, and neglected, and in a few more to sink into oblivion, is the lot of a thousand showy girls, who have only external appearances to recommend them. Without prudence and discretion, even the most substantial ornaments, though they excite admiration, will never procure esteem.

Prudence is superior to pearls, and there is no kind of comparison between diamonds and discretion. Fools may be caught by the shell, but a man worth having will make the gem the object of his attention!

From yours, &c.

DISTAFF.

FRENCH STAGE COACH AND INNS.

[From Kotzebue's *Flight to Paris*.]

December 14.

ON this morning also we set off at six. We chose, for our conveyance, the diligence to Paris, which was to reach that capital on the evening of the 16th.

Never in my life did I take a more unpleasant journey. I will freely own, indeed, that the distempered state of my mind throws a gloom over every thing around me, and that I am now captious and peevish under inconveniences at which, in my happier days, I should only have laughed; but here many things are really insufferable.

In the first place, the boasted commodiousness of the carriage itself, is altogether empty vapour, or at least must be received with very great allowance. If it carried no more than four, or perhaps six, there would not be any great reason to complain; but, unfortunately, its full complement is eight, and woe to him who happens to be one of those eight!—Woe, woe indeed, if they be all thin! but inevitable death should they be fat!

Three sit forwards, three backwards, and one against each door. It seems not at all taken into the account, that men have arms and legs. A maimed soldier, deprived of these conveniences, might sit with tolerable ease. How then to stow all the legs, occasions no small perplexity; for, they who happen to be among the last that get in, will scarcely find a place not preoccupied by another pair. A toe, that may unfortunately be tormented with a corn, has a very good chance of becoming a footstool to a neighbour, till its owner, no longer able to endure the torture, will be extremely glad to draw up his leg like that of a bird of paradise. In this situation, however, it is impossible to remain long without the contracted limb becoming so insupportably stiff, that it cannot be moved again but with

extreme difficulty ; and when at last the happy moment arrives that brings a temporary release from this confinement, he is perhaps scarcely able to get out of the carriage.

Another convenience of this squeezed mode of travelling is the almost insurmountable labour of getting a handkerchief out of the pocket. This is, indeed, such a Herculean task, that big drops of sweat stand on the forehead ere it can be accomplished. A pickpocket could never be so effectually secured against carrying on his trade as in this diligence. In the front, or backwards, the press is the most intolerable, consequently they who sit against the doors are the least incommoded with respect to elbow-room ; though otherwise they are in far the worst situation, and, besides, run the hazard of having their necks broken, supposing the doors not to be properly fastened.

The vapour of so much breath pent up together is another agreeable circumstance. There are indeed six windows to the carriage, but unless in very warm weather, it is scarcely possible to endure more than one or two open, which is totally insufficient to remedy the evil. The impossibility of the passengers within opening the doors, is an additional grievance ; they are, as it were, shut up in a prison, or cage, from which they can be released only by the gaoler.

Thus is a coach full of men carried about from town to town, as the higglers carry a basket of fowls ; and as a consummation of their misery, when they arrive at the bureau, seven or eight minutes are perhaps suffered to elapse before the driver will be pleased to open the door of this black hole, during which they endure all the torture of that impatience, unavoidably attached to such a teasing species of procrastination. Of all things under the sun, confinement is to me the most vexatious, and a confinement likewhat I have described, the most vexatious of all.

Many people consider a cold as healthy. He then, who has not had the satisfaction of enjoying such a token of health for some time, need only take a journey in this diligence, and he may be tolerably secure of obtaining the desired gratification. As every passenger pays for his place, and as it has been long an universally established maxim, that one man's money is as good as another's, so each individual thinks he has equal right with his neighbour to regulate the opening of the windows, at least of that by which he sits. Thus, instead of entering into a general compact for the advantage of the whole company, each, with the true selfishness of human nature, considers merely his own private interest, and perhaps makes such draughts of wind, that it is only wonderful how any body escapes cold.

The fare at the inns is, besides, very bad, and very dear. For terribly insipid bouillie with soaked bread, disagreeable to the eye, and still more disagreeable to the palate, sodden, tasteless beef, and vegetables dressed with oil, we commonly paid half a dollar. Gladly would I have resigned, for a tolerable piece of beef, or a roast leg of mutton, the desert that even in these miserable inns always succeeds the dinner. This consists of wretched dry biscuits, chesnuts, and fruit. Never in my life did I taste any thing more nauseous than a sort of biscuit they called *echaudé*: it has the flavour of foul air.

To dirty the table-cloth is impossible, since, according to appearance, it has made a visit up the chimney before it be spread. This is accompanied with forks no less filthy, and very uninviting for taking up the food; and as to a knife, no such thing is to be had. Every traveller is expected, like a German peasant or butcher, to carry one in his pocket, and to use it at his meals, first whetting it on his breeches. The wine is the best thing brought to table, though only a light

country wine, but this is drank out of beer glasses, to which I have a mortal aversion.

Inconvenient as this journey must necessarily be at all times, it is rendered ten times worse by being taken in winter. To provide a room, with a fire, against the arrival of the diligence, is what nobody thinks of, and the only resource against perishing with cold, is to adjourn to the kitchen. But this is a very partial remedy; he alone who fortunately is among the first that enter, and understands how to manage, has any chance of obtaining a tolerable birth, and even he can only choose whether to warm himself in the front or in the rear, for to do both is impossible. This is another advantage for the lovers of colds. Nor is this all: they have yet a third chance. These places are never floored, only paved with brick, from which a chill pestilential moisture is constantly rising; to this may be added, all the water thrown about, people spitting, and dogs doing what dogs ever will do, which all together form an assemblage of damps that may fairly be considered as reducing the matter to a certainty.

Two hours is the time allowed for dining, and the diligence ought also to stop for the night. But since in winter the roads are frequently bad, and it must be at Paris at the time appointed, it often travels all night, or at least rests for so short a time, that it is scarcely worth while to attempt going to bed, though it is a sufficient delay to weary and fatigue the passengers, unless they happen to be blessed with that propensity so common to travellers, of being able to eat and drink at any time, even in the middle of the night.

And should it happen, that five or six hours are allowed for rest, a man must be somewhat practised in witchcraft to be able to sleep. The best accommodations to be procured, are a perishingly cold room, where the wind blows in at every corner, furnished with a bedstead ready to break down, to which are attached old tattered hangings, and a feather-bed shaken up high at

the feet, somewhat lower in the middle, and lowest of all at the head. If, spite of all these preventatives, a doze should begin to steal over the traveller's wearied eye-lids, he may rely upon being quickly awakened again, either by the noises of the inn, or the howling of the wind in the chimney.

But most terrible of all, is the situation of the poor unfortunate valetudinarian, who, from the state of his health, cannot, without inconvenience, experience a privation of his customary habit of sacrificing every morning to a certain subterranean divinity held in great respect among the Romans—or, to put the case in another point of view, who wishes not to forego the performance of what, if neglected, would, according to Montaigne, transform even a Seneca into a fool. The shaking of the vehicle has perhaps rendered it doubtful whether this can be accomplished or not, and should he wish to counteract these bad effects by a dish of coffee and a morning pipe, either there is no time for taking them, or if he be disposed to rob himself of an hour of rest, and rise early, that sufficient time for the purpose may be secured, where is the coffee to be had? In the inn, it is never furnished, and at the coffee-house the people are never up so early. But he may give the waiter at the coffee-house a trifle to rise on purpose. So he may, and the waiter will make very liberal promises over night, which before morning will be entirely forgotten.

A
TOUR INTO SEVERAL PARTS
OF

ENGLAND AND WALES,

DURING THE MONTHS OF JUNE AND JULY, 1800.

In Four Letters to a Pupil.

BY JOHN EVANS, A. M.

Master of a Seminary for a limited Number of Pupils,
Pullin's Row, Islington.

*Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus ad tumulum.—*

VIRGIL.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

FROM the flourishing town of Leicester I passed on to Loughborough, which gives title to the present chancellor of Great Britain. On the road hither lie *Mount Sorrel* and *Quorn*, two places which recommend themselves by the pleasantness of their situation.

MOUNT SORREL is a small straggling town, standing at the foot of a remarkable hill, and QUORN is a large populous village, with some agreeable spots in its vicinity. Two gentlemen, who live in the village, kindly accompanied me to the top of a neighbouring eminence, whence we enjoyed a delightful prospect of the adjacent country.

LOUGHBOROUGH is an agreeable town, situated on the banks of the river Soar, over which it has a handsome stone bridge. It stands on the borders of Charnwood Forest, being surrounded by delightful

meadows and well cultivated fields. In the time of the Saxons it was a royal village, and its present church is a gothic structure of considerable antiquity.

On the road to Nottingham I passed through a small village, in which I spied a school, with this remarkable motto over the door :

" Discè vel Discede ! "

Learn or go about your business.

This short sentence conveys a most important lesson to the pupil, which it is hoped will be duly regarded. A moderate but steady application is the very soul of improvement.

From Loughborough to *Nottingham* the distance is about fourteen miles, and I reached this place in the evening. A gentleman, however, on my arrival, took me to his country house at *Arnold*, a village four miles beyond the town, so that my account of *Nottingham* must be deferred till my return thither at the close of the week. The next morning, in company with an obliging young gentleman, I set out on horseback for *Derbyshire*. A sketch of this pleasant part of my tour will be expected, and you shall not be disappointed. As we travelled over a considerable extent of ground, the excursion will form no improper subject for the present letter, and its variety will, I trust, serve for your amusement.

On Tuesday morning, between six and seven o'clock, we set off, well mounted, for *Alfreton*, a small town, just within the borders of *Derbyshire*, where, after a long ride of fifteen miles, we breakfasted. Nothing here attracted our attention, excepting that from the window of the inn we were diverted by seeing an apothecary nursing his child with cheerfulness and simplicity. He tossed the little creature about, and seemed so delighted with his employ, that we could not help

forming a very favourable idea of his temper and disposition. Little children are objects at all times interesting to a feeling heart: to a good parent of either sex they must prove peculiarly endearing; for powerful are the ties of parental affection. We are told in the Roman history, that Cornelia the illustrious mother of the Gracchi, after the death of her husband, who left her *twelve* children, applied herself to the care of her family with a wisdom and prudence that acquired her universal esteem. A Campanian lady, who was very rich, and still fonder of pomp and shew, after having displayed in a visit she made to her, her diamonds, pearls, and richest jewels, earnestly desired *Cornelia* to let her see *her* jewels also. *Cornelia* dexterously turned the conversation to another subject, to wait the return of her sons, who were gone to school. When they returned, and entered their mother's apartment, she said to the Campanian lady, pointing to them with her hand—*These are my jewels, and the only ornaments I admire.* Such ornaments are the strength and cement of society!

Immediately after breakfast we pushed on for *Matlock*, which being about another fifteen miles, we reached to dinner. The entrance into *Matlock Dale*, by *Cromford*, has a most romantic appearance. The road runs by the side of the river *Derwent*, in some places so hemmed in by the rocks as barely to allow room for the passing traveller. Here stands a curious mill for spinning cotton, invented by Sir Richard Arkwright, whose spacious house is erected near it, on a small eminence. It boasts a charming situation. A small church of modern erection rears its head in the valley beneath it, and every thing around has the air of a new creation. The following short sketch of Sir Richard Arkwright, taken from the new edition of the *Biographical Dictionary*, may not be unacceptable to you.

“He was a man who, in one of the lowest stations of life (being literally a *penny barber*, at *Wirkworth*,

in Derbyshire) by uncommon genius and persevering industry, invented and perfected a system of machinery for spinning cotton that had been in vain attempted by many of the first mechanics of the last and present centuries, and which, by giving perpetual employment to many thousand families, increased the population, and was productive of great commercial advantage to his country. The machine is called a spinning jenny. Sir Richard died August 3d, 1792, leaving property to the amount of near half a million sterling !”

It is impossible, my young friend, to contemplate such improvements without admiration. It shows that the faculties of man, may, by exercise, be appropriated to the most wonderful purposes. By the magic power of *art* an astonishing change has been *here* introduced—well may we exclaim, in the language of an ingenious writer—“O *art*, thou distinguishing attribute and honour of human kind ! who art not only able to imitate nature in her graces, but even to adorn her with graces of thine own ! possessed of thee, the meanest genius grows deserving, and has a just demand for a portion of our esteem : devoid of thee, the brightest of our kind lie lost and useless, and are but poorly distinguished from the most despicable and base ! When we inhabited forests in common with brutes, nor otherwise known from them than by the figure of our species, thou taughtest us to assert the sovereignty of our nature, and to assume that empire for which providence intended us ! Thousands of utilities owe their birth to thee ! thousands of elegancies, pleasures, and joys, without which life itself would be but an insipid possession !”

MATLOCK is a village celebrated for its warm springs, which have proved efficacious in the removal of scorbutic disorders of considerable inveteracy. It is situated close to the river Derwent, and consists of a range of elegant houses, built in an uniform manner, with stables and out-houses. The baths are arched over, adjoining to which are several convenient rooms,

with apartments for servants. The assembly room is on the right hand, and at the top is a music-room, to which you ascend by a grand staircase. There is a fine terrace before the house, and near it a green where the gentlemen divert themselves in the evenings. From this place there is a rocky shelf descending to the river, which is rapid, and runs with such a murmuring noise, as fills the mind with pleasing emotions :

“Th’ interruptions from the stones that strew
Its shallow bed, or the thick dancing reeds,
Stay not its course, for still with earnest speed
And undiverted, fast it rolls along,
Never to know tranquillity, till mix’d
With the great mass of waters !”

COTTLE’S ALFRED.

The environs of Matlock bath are equal in natural beauty to any of the most finished places in the kingdom. They form a winding vale of about three miles, through which the Derwent runs in a course extremely various ; for in some places the breadth is considerable and the stream smooth, in others it breaks upon the rocks, and falling over the fragments forms several slight cascades ! The boundaries of the vale are cultivated, hills on one side, and bold rocks with pendant woods on the other. Taking the winding path up the hill leads you to the range of fields at the top, bounded by the precipice, along which is a most delightful walk, supposed to be the finest natural terrace in the world.

We dined at the hotel at an excellent ordinary, for which the charge was reasonable. The company was small, and, except ourselves, entirely ladies. Indeed the season was but just begun, therefore in this respect we saw not Matlock in its glory. There were, however, several gentlemen’s carriages, and a few belonging to the nobility.

My friend and I having sauntered about this delight-

ful place during the greatest part of the afternoon, we in the evening visited a cave, which may be pronounced a great natural curiosity. The proprietor, who shewed it us, seemed a plain honest man, and had taken great pains of late years to render the passage into it commodious and easy. So pleased were we with this subterranean recess, that immediately on my return to the inn I called for a sheet of paper, and wrote the following account of it. Excepting a few inaccuracies of expression, which I have since corrected, you have the sketch warm from the heart.

CUMBERLAND CAVERN is situated on the brow of a steep hill, and its mouth is closed with a white-washed wooden door, which being opened, the man took his taper out of his lantern, with which he lighted three candles to guide our dreary steps through the bowels of the earth. Whilst this ceremony was performing we stood at the entrance, and surveyed with pleasure the romantic scenery which surrounded us. We were taking, as it were, a farewell of the cheerful light of day, when our leader informed us that the lights were ready, and having taken them into our hands, we followed him in slow procession. The first thirty yards of the way were partly artificial, he having himself piled up stones on each side, that the entrance into the cavern might be gained with greater facility. We now descended into this gloomy abode by steps, fifty-four in number, which seemed as if we were going down towards the centre of the earth! At the bottom of this descent the cave opened upon us in solitary grandeur. The profoundest silence reigned in every corner of the mansion. Huge masses of stone were piled on each other with a tremendous kind of carelessness, and were evidently produced by some violent concussion of the adjacent parts, though at a period utterly unknown to any human creature. From this curious place we ascended, as it were, the side of a steep hill, and at the top came to a long re-

gular passage of considerable extent. The roof had all the regularity of a finished ceiling, and was exquisitely bespangled by spars of every description. From above and below, and from the respective sides, the rays of our candle were reflected in a thousand directions! Our path had so brilliant an aspect, that my eyes were for some time fixed upon it, though I trust not with the same temper of mind with which Milton has made one of the fallen angels contemplate the pavement of heaven. When I withdrew my attention from this enchanting object, I was shewn little cavities on every hand, which contained spars in all their innumerable forms of crystallization. The wantonness of nature in these her operations is truly wonderful, and oftentimes exceeds our conceptions. The part of the cavern that is most ornamented by the brilliancy of the spars and ores, we were assured particularly delighted the ladies, who, notwithstanding their characteristic timidity, have ventured into this dark abode for the gratification of their curiosity!

Proceeding onwards a few yards we came to large flat stones, which lay on one another, not altogether unlike flitches of bacon. How they came there, and for what reason they could be thus laid together baffled our comprehension. In the next compartment we observed large rocks heaped on rocks, in terrible array, and on descending from this part these rocks assume a more threatening aspect, and seem as if they would *slide down* upon you and crush you to atoms! Another scene surprises you, and is peculiarly gratifying to the senses. An apartment is decorated with what is here called the *snow fossil*. This species of stone is, both from its figure and colour, a charming resemblance of snow. Its fairness and delicacy cannot fail to please. One portion of this apartment was so exquisitely stained by this fossil, that it possessed peculiar charms. It had just the appearance of a cavity, into which the snow

had been drifted by the winter storm ! This apparent imitation of nature is certainly a beautiful curiosity.

Near the extremity of the cavern was shewn a branch of this wonderful recess, which might, on account of its internal appearance, be denominated the *piscatory hall* ! Here are seen, on one particular side, fishes petrified and fixed in the several strata, which form the surrounding recess. What kind of fish they were could not be ascertained, but they were clearly discernible; and excited our astonishment. One of the fishes had its back actually *jutting out* of the side of the earth, as if petrified in the act of swimming ! How wonderful ! What an indisputable proof that the earth was once in a state of fluidity !

We might have seen another branch of the cavern, where was to be found a well of considerable depth; but waving this further research, we returned the way we came. After many an ascent and descent, together with *numerous* meanderings we reached the entrance, and hailed the cheerful light of day with renovated satisfaction.

Next morning, after having first secured a good breakfast, we got on horseback and rode on to *Chatsworth*, the far-famed seat of the Duke of Devonshire, though we understood that his grace seldom visits this part of the country. The first part of the ride through the vale towards the village of Matlock is particularly impressive. On the right is a rock called *High Torr*, whose perpendicular height is said to be one hundred and forty yards. About half way up it is covered with brushwood, but the upper part is almost entirely bare and inaccessible. The river runs close at the foot, and by the intervention of a ledge of rocks, flows down them with no small rapidity. The village is romantic, and indeed every part of this spot is marked by a wild and variegated scenery.

Chatsworth house was built in the reign of William

the Third, and has been ranked among the wonders of the Peak. The structure, which is quadrangular, is large and roomy ; it forms a most respectable appearance, lying in a bottom amidst plantations, and is backed by steril hills. You approach it by an elegant stone bridge over the Derwent, and on the left, hid among the trees, are the remains of an old square tower, moated round, called Queen Mary's Garden or Bower ; for on this spot the unfortunate queen of Scots passed many years of her long captivity.

Having met with a countryman to hold our horses, we alighted, and were conducted into the mansion. We were first shewn the hall, a superb place, decorated with the history of Julius Cæsar ! The chapel, likewise, was remarkable for its profusion of elegant embellishments. The miracles of our Saviour were here beautifully delineated by the hand of a first rate artist. The blessings of recovery were depicted in the countenances of the recipients ; and their features formed an animated comment on the benevolence, to which they were indebted for their marvellous restoration. Most of the apartments were richly furnished, and several of the paintings were valuable for their antiquity. In one room we were shown the *very bed* in which that excellent monarch, *George the Second*, breathed his last ; the four posts were of plain oak, but the furniture was costly though evidently the worse for keeping ; in the contemplation of this object many interesting ideas rushed in upon the mind :

“ The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave ;
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave ! ”

In another room we saw the bed in which Mary Queen of Scots lay for many years, during her confinement in this mansion. It was of red damask, considerably mouldered, has an antique appearance, and cannot be

kept much longer in tolerable preservation. Such, however, is the powerful association of our ideas, that objects of this kind, though decayed, have still much left to awaken our sensibility. One of the last things we were shewn was her Grace's cabinet of fossils, which is kept in great order, and contains specimens of exquisite variety.

We now quitted the house and entered the gardens, where we were gratified by the water works. They were the first introduced into England, and were made by the person who was the author of those celebrated ones at Versailles. Walking up a gentle ascent, we observed at the top of the eminence a small temple, of a circular form, from which down almost to the place where we stood, was a flight of steps. In the twinkling of an eye, from the upper part of this little building, streams of water issued in a thousand directions, and came tumbling along these steps with a wonderful precipitation; by the time they almost reach your feet, and you begin to be apprehensive of danger, the water gently steals into a cavity of the earth, and is seen no more! We were then conducted to an open space in a wood, and in a moment, trees, disposed in a circular form, flung forth water from their leaves and branches, to such a degree, that it had all the appearance of a violent shower; leaden pipes were so inserted in the several parts of the trees, as to produce this curious phenomenon. Lastly, we were led to the large fine sheet of water before the house, the surface of which was decorated with nymphs and sea monsters of various descriptions. From the mouth of one of these aquatic gentry issued forth in a perpendicular direction, and to an amazing height, such a stream of water, that its noise alone made a tremendous impression on the mind! It reminded me of the water spout at sea, so terrible to sailors, being often the presage of irremediable destruction!

We now left *Chatsworth*; the servants were attentive and grateful for what we gave them, excepting an old porter, who having shown us nothing for his fee, had the least of all reasons for dissatisfaction. But *avarice* is the vice of age, and therefore entitled to our compassion.

We crossed the hill, and reached *Bakewell* to dinner. Steep was the descent into this little town; but the prospect around was wild and variegated. A kind of ragged downs spread themselves over the horizon, and in some places appeared to touch the sky:

————— Nature wears here

Her boldest countenance. The tumid earth
Seems as of yore it had the phrenzy fit
Of ocean caught, and its uplifted sward
Performed a billowy dance, to whose vast wave
The proudest surges of the bellowing deep
Are little, as to his profoundest swell
The shallow rippling of the wrinkled pool!

HURDIS.

BAKEWELL is a place of antiquity, encircled with hills, and contains a few decent houses. The church is a respectable building, and has some fine tombs of the **VERNONS**. One of these monuments is beautiful, being divided into several niches, each containing a figure, and underneath a passage of scripture, adapted to their age and condition! The following inscription on a plain tomb, pleased me by its simplicity:

WILLIAM SAVILLE, ESQ.

Steward to the Earl of Rutland, 1658.

No epitaph nede make the just man famde,
The good are prayd when they'r only nam'd!

We visited White Watson, F. L. S. (Fellow of the *Linnean Society*) a celebrated mineralogist, and saw his cabinet of fossils, which are well worth inspection. He obligingly accompanied us to the church, and

shewed us the curiosities which I have mentioned. Having a little publication of mine in his library we soon became acquainted, and he treated us with great attention and civility.

Near Bakewell is *Haddon Hall*, the ancient seat of the VERNONS—one of whom, Sir George Vernon, who lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was so celebrated for his hospitable disposition, that he was usually called KING OF THE PEAK! By the marriage of a daughter it went from him to the son of the first Earl of Rutland, and is at present the Duke of Rutland's property.

We sat off for *Buxton*, and after a long dreary ride reached the end of our journey, when the shades of evening were closing around us. The hills over which we traversed, being of a chalky complexion, we saw the *white* road winding along before us for miles in an almost endless succession. It had, indeed, some faint resemblance to Hogarth's Line of Beauty, though I confess its charms made no impression on my imagination. Travelling, particularly on horseback, is fatiguing, but it is the best mode of passing with advantage through any country.

BUXTON is distant one hundred and sixty miles from London. It lies in a pleasant bottom, and its bath, which has been celebrated since the æra of the Romans, supports, even to the present time, its reputation. The town itself has nothing to recommend it. But you descend into a valley all at once, where you find a stately crescent, built by the Duke of Devonshire for the accommodation of the company. Beneath it are piazzas, where, in unfavourable weather, the visitants may pace backwards and forwards in perfect safety. The baths, which are nearly behind this row of buildings, are deemed in the cases of gout and rheumatism of sovereign efficacy. The water is sulphureous and saline, yet not unpalatable; it neither tinges silver, nor yet is it purgative. If drank, it creates an appetite,

and is prescribed in scorbutic rheumatisms, and consumptions. St. Anne's Well, opposite the new crescent, furnishes the water which is drank, and is secured by an elegant alcove, with iron railings. The place is only a township of Bakewell, and therefore prayers are read in the hall by a curate, for which a subscription is raised. The situation of Buxton is the very reverse of Matlock; here we seek in vain for charming scenery; the very hills, by which we are surrounded, vie with each other in dreariness and sterility! In the evening we supped at the ordinary, in company with about twenty persons, among whom was the celebrated Dr. Garnet, Lecturer of the New Royal Institution. His Tour through the Highlands, recently published, does credit both to his talents and industry.

The next morning we rose early, and visited POOLE'S HOLE, about half a mile from Buxton, on the side of a hill. At its entrance stood a number of old women, ugly in the extreme, who immediately on our approach, lighted their lanterns, and prepared for a subterraneous exhibition. Had they their *broomsticks* and their *cauldrons*, really they would not have been wholly unlike Shakespeare's witches; and this fanciful idea gained strength from the barbarous sounds they uttered, the gloomy haziness of the morning, and the yawning mouth of the adjacent cavern. However we determined to explore this recess, and accordingly having some of these beauties at the head and in the rear of us, we entered! Every part of this wonderful place is crowded with petrifications. Having taken its name from one *Pool*, a robber, noted for his depredations, who here secreted himself, our guides shewed certain romantic figures, which they say were used by him for various purposes. His kitchen, parlour, stable, bed, and even closet, are pointed out with a boasted accuracy. Cotton, who in 1681 described the *Wonders of the Peak* in Hudibrastic verse, notices the circumstance in the following curious manner:

In this infernal mansion you must see,
Where Master Poole and his bold yeomanry
Took up their dark apartment; for they here
Do shew his hall, parlour, and bed-chamber,
With drawing-room and closet, and with these
His kitchen and his other offices;
And all contriv'd to justify a fable,
Which no man will believe but the silly rabble!

The other petrifications, which have assumed imaginary configurations, are the sea turtle—tripe—constant drop—flitch of bacon—sheep—lion—laundress' table—the bee-hive—the horse—organ pipes, and Mary queen of Scots's pillar. These I took down with my pencil on the spot, and therefore you may depend on the accuracy of the enumeration. Beyond the pillar the opening of the rock terminates in a point, in which a candle being placed, it has the resemblance and brilliancy of a star in the firmament! In our return we came out under the passage by which we were led into the cavern. The water used by persons living just by is fetched out of this place. Whilst we were inspecting the hole, several were occupied in this employment; we looked down upon them from the side of a rock, whither we had clambered; the dimness of their light gave them the appearance of apparitions, whilst their singing, mingled with noises arising from their tin jugs swinging against the crags, made a strange and fearful reverberation! Upon gaining the entrance of the cave, these aged beauties crowded round with basons of water that we might wash our hands; for we were sadly bedaubed with the slime of this natural dungeon. It is about half a mile under the earth, and we were very glad once more to recover our liberty.

On our return to breakfast our appetites were keen, and we relished both our fare and our company. It was our wish to reach Castleton, distant fourteen miles, where we should have seen the *Devil's Cave*, which is reckoned the most capital of the Peak's wonders; but

our time would not permit; and indeed there is such an unpleasantness in surveying these dreary places, that I easily gave up this gratification.

That you, however, my young friend, may have it in your power to form some idea of it, I will transcribe a short description of it, by the ingenious James Ferguson, who made himself so celebrated by his study of astronomy.

DEVIL'S CAVE, OR PEAKE'S HOLE.

“The entrance (says that gentleman) into this complicated cavern, is through an almost regular arch twelve yards high, formed by nature, at the bottom of a rock, whose height is eighty-seven yards. Immediately within this arch is a cavern of the same height, forty yards wide and above one hundred in length. The roof of this place is flattish, all of solid rock, and looks dreadful over head, because it has nothing but the natural sidewalls to support it. A packthread manufactory is therein carried on by poor people, by the light that comes through the arch. Towards the further end from the entrance, the roof comes down with a gradual slope to about two feet from the surface of water, fourteen yards over, the rock in that place forming a kind of arch, under which I was pushed by my guide across the water in a long oval tub, as I lay on my back in straw with a candle in my hand, and was, for the greatest part of the way on the river, so near the arched roof, that it touched my hat if I raised my head but two inches from the straw on which I lay in the tub (called the boat) which I believe was not above a foot in depth. When landed on the further side of this water, and helped out of the boat by my guide, I was conducted through a low place into a cavern seventy yards wide and forty yards high, in the top of which are several openings upwards, so high that I could not see to their tops. On one side of this place I saw several young lads with candles in their hands climbing up a

very rough ascent, and they disappeared when about halfway up. I asked my guide who they were? and he told me they were the singers, and that I should soon see them again, for they were going through an opening that led into the next cavern. At eighty-seven yards from the first water I came to a second nine yards broad, over which my guide carried me on his back. I then went under three natural arches at some distance from one another, and all of them pretty regular; then entered a third cavern, called Roger's Rainhouse, because there is a continual dropping at one side of it like moderate rain! I no sooner entered that cavern, than I was agreeably surprised by a melodious singing which seemed to echo from all sides, and on looking back I saw the abovementioned lads in a large round opening, called the chancel, nineteen yards above the bottom where I stood. They sing for what the visitors please to give them as they return.

“ At the top of a steep rugged stony ascent, on one side of this cavern, I saw a small irregular hole, and asked my guide, whether there was another cavern beyond it! He told me there was—but that very few people ventured to go through into it on account of the frightful appearance at the top of the hole, where the stones seemed to be almost loose and ready to fall and close up the passage. I told him, that if he would venture through I would follow him—so I did, creeping flat, the place being rather too low to go on all-fours. We then got into a long, narrow, irregular, and very high cavern, which has surprising openings of various shapes, at top too high to see how far they reach! We returned through the hole to Roger Rain's house, again, and from thence went down fifty yards lower on wet sand, wherein steps are made for convenience. At the bottom we entered into a cavern called the *Devil's Cellar*, in which my guide told me, there had been many bowls of good rum punch made and drank, the water having been heated by a fire occasionally made there for that purpose. In the roof of this cellar is a

large opening, through which the smoke of the fire ascends, and has been seen by the people above ground to go out at the top of the rock. But this opening is so crooked and irregular, that no stone let down into it, from the top, was ever known to fall quite through into the cavern.

"From this place I was conducted a good way onward, under a roof too low to let me walk upright, and then entered a cavern, called the *Bell*, because the top of it is shaped somewhat like to the side of a bell. From thence I was conducted through a very low place into a higher, in the bottom of which runs a third water, and the roof of that place slopes gradually downward, till it comes within five inches of the surface of the water running under it. My guide then told me, that I was just two hundred and seven yards below the surface of the ground, and seven hundred and fifty yards from the first entrance into the rock, and there was no going any farther !

"Throughout the whole, I found the air very agreeable, and warm enough to bring on a moderate perspiration, although in less than a fortnight before, all the caverns beyond the first river (where I was ferried under the low arch) had been filled to a considerable height with water during a flood occasioned by long and continued rains."

Such are the wonders of this part of the kingdom, and the inspection of them afford high satisfaction. In penetrating, however, into these awful recesses of the earth, it is almost impossible wholly to divest the mind of unpleasant sensations. The idea of the ground falling in upon us, will obtrude itself at times in spite of our philosophy. To be instantaneously crushed to death, or to be condemned to the horrors of a lingering and agonizing dissolution by being entombed alive, are evils not to be contemplated even in apprehension, with composure and resignation. The *possibility* of such a dreadful accident crosses the brain with an inconceiv-

able rapidity. But the recollection of the *improbability* of the event restores the mind to its accustomed serenity.

From *Buxton* we, after breakfast, set out on our return, and directed our route towards *Derby*. We rode to *Newhaven*, and dined; it is only a single inn, about halfway to *Ashburne*. We were well entertained; and the good landlady behaved with an uncommon degree of civility. Of her I enquired about *Beresford Hall*, formerly the seat of *Charles Cotton*, Esq. the friend of honest *ISAAC WALTON*, the father of anglers; and one of the best men of the last century. She informed me to my joy, that it lay within three miles of the house; and away we rode to gratify an innocent curiosity.

We soon reached the spot, over which my imagination had often strayed with pleasure. The *hall* itself, indeed, now inhabited by a maiden lady, looks old and ruinous; and the adjoining garden exhibits a scene of neglect and desolation! Below the eminence on which it stands, through a sweet vale, runs the river *Dove*, famous for trout fishing. Its gentle meanders heighten the beauty of the surrounding scenery; and I for some time gazed on its charms in silent admiration.

Well might *Cotton*, living on the spot, exclaim!

O my beloved nymph—fair *Dove*!

Princess of rivers! how I love,

Upon thy flow'ry banks to lie

And view thy silver stream,

When gilded by a summer's beam!

And in it all thy wanton fry

Playing at liberty:

And with my angle upon them

The all of treachery

I ever learnt industriously to try!

Hither it was, that the venerable *Isaac Walton* frequently came upwards of *one hundred* miles, that during the summer months he might, with his friend *Cotton*, enjoy the delightful sport of angling! In re-

turn for these friendly visits, Mr. Cotton built a small fishing-house, in a kind of peninsula, on the banks of the Dove, whose walls and covering only remain, and these I beheld with veneration.

Sir John Hawkins, in his edition of Walton's *Complete Angler*, gives two views of this curious *fishing-house*, and tells you, that he, several years ago, actually employed a person to visit it, and send him a particular description of it. From that account I extract the following paragraph, that you may form some idea of its *former* condition:

"It is of stone, and the room in the inside a cube of about fifteen feet; it is also paved with black and white marble. In the middle is a square black marble table, supported by two stone feet. The room is wainscotted with curious mouldings that divide the panels up to the ceiling; in the larger panels are represented in painting, some of the most pleasant of the adjacent scenes, with persons fishing; and in the smaller, the various sorts of tackle and implements used in angling. In the further corner on the left is a fireplace, with a chimney; and on the right a large beaufet with folding doors, whereon are the portraits of Mr. Cotton and a boy servant, and Walton in the dress of the times. Underneath is a cupboard on the door, where the figures of a TROUT, and also of a GRAYLING are well pourtrayed!"

But, my young friend, you will naturally inquire after its *present* condition. I will frankly inform you. Having being erected in the year 1674, it has stood above a century, and having been taken little care of for some years past, it is fallen into decay. Here was, however, to be seen the CYPHER over the door, containing the initials of the names both of Cotton and Walton interwoven in each other, and the inscription above it, SACRUM PISCATORIBUS (*sacred to fishermen*) half filled with moss, was almost obliterated. I clambered in through the window with difficulty; but of the in-

terior decorations, alas! no traces were to be found. Here, looking round me with a melancholy pleasure, I mused on the interesting conversations which had taken place again and again within the walls of this now forsaken mansion. Sad memorial of friendship! striking monument of the evanescent nature of terrestrial enjoyments!

The person who obligingly went with us hither from the neighbouring village, told us that the *little building* was, in his remembrance, enriched with the above rural decorations; and that persons came even from Scotland to gratify their curiosity in their inspection of it*.

We now returned to our inn to dinner, where a *trout* and a *grayling*, both of exquisite flavour, made a part of the repast; and we soon bid adieu to our good landlady. We rode on to Ashbourne, and remained there during the night.

ASHBOURNE is a town of some size, and contains many genteel families. The church is the only object worthy of attention. Here we found the beautiful monument raised by Sir Brooke Boothby to the memory of his only daughter, a child of six years of age. It has inscriptions upon it in English, Latin, French, and Italian. The lines under the pedestal, are very impressive:

TO PENELOPE,

Only child of Sir Brooke and Dame Susannah Boothby,

Born April 11th, 1785, died March 13, 1791.

She was, in form and intellect, most exquisite.

The unfortunate parents ventured their all on this frail bark,
and the wreck was total.

I was not in safety; neither had I rest, and the trouble
came.

* I have said the more about this sweet secluded spot, because, as far as I know, no tourist into these parts has turned aside to notice it.

A tourist has so happily described this monument, that I cannot help transcribing his words:—"Nobody ought ever to overlook this tomb, as it is perhaps the most interesting and pathetic object in England. Simplicity and elegance appear in the workmanship, tenderness and innocence in the image. On a marble pedestal and slab, like a low table, is a mattress with the CHILD laying on it, both likewise in white marble. Her cheek expressive of suffering mildness, reclines on the pillow, and her little fevered hands gently rest on each other near to her head. The plain and only drapery is a frock, the skirt flowing easily out before, and a ribbon-sash, the knot twisted forward, as it were, by the restlessness of pain, and the two ends spread out in the same direction with the frock. The delicate naked feet are carelessly folded over each other, and the whole appearance is as if she had just turned in the tossings of her illness to seek a cooler or an easier place of rest. The man whom this does not affect need not proceed any farther in his tour; his heart is not formed to relish the beauties either of nature or of art!"

This tourist then pertinently adds, alluding to the several inscriptions, "To all these expressions of grief might not *one* be added—*Weep* not, the damsel is not dead but sleepeth!" Surely in such cases it is our duty as well as privilege, to have recourse to the superior consolations of Christianity.

In the vicinity of Ashbourne lies *Dovedale*, a spot celebrated far and near for its wild and romantic scenery. A foot path winds along its side, and sometimes presents a tremendous declivity. At one of these places, a few years ago, an Irish Dean on horseback, with a lady behind him, was by accident thrown down a precipice and dashed to pieces. The lady was saved by catching hold of a twig: the shattered remains of the unfortunate clergyman were interred in Ashbourne church, where I saw a plain stone dedicated to his me-

mory! Not far from this dale, Hume procured a place of retreat for that ingenious novelist, *Rousseau*; it was just suited to his genius, affording him ample scope for his favourite study, botany; and securing to him an asylum from the noisy bustle of the world. From this abode, however, he soon issued, inflamed by some imaginary affront, and heaping reproaches on the very persons to whom he stood most indebted for an attention to his welfare and felicity.

After breakfast we mounted our horses, and set out for *Keddleston*, close to which is the seat of Lord *Scarsdale*, the glory of Derbyshire! This is a noble mansion, and imparted a refined gratification to our curiosity. It is of modern erection, and is thought to have cost two hundred thousand pounds! The house-keeper, a very polite old lady, conducted us through the different apartments. The front, built of white stone, is extensive. In the centre is a flight of steps, over which is a pediment supported by four lofty pillars of the Corinthian order. On each side a corridore connects a pavilion with the body of the house, and forming the two wings of the steps, leads into a magnificent hall, behind which is a circular saloon. On the left are a music room, drawing room, and a library, and at the end of the corridore, the private apartments of Lord and Lady *Scarsdale*, and their young family. On the right of the hall are the dining-room, state dressing-room, a bed-chamber, and another dressing-room, the kitchen, and offices. In the hall are eight fluted pillars, of the variegated marble of the county! They are twenty-five feet high and two feet six inches in diameter. The room itself is sixty feet by thirty, decorated with designs from *HOMER*, the father of poetry! In the library, over the chimney, is a piece of *Rembrandt*, which beggars all description. It is the story of *Daniel* brought before *Nebuchadnezzar* to interpret his dream, and contains eight or nine small whole length figures. The composed majesty of the

king, who is seated in a chair of state; the astonishment and terror of his great men sitting near him; the earnestness of Daniel kneeling before him; in short, the whole piece is striking beyond expression. The kitchen, which is spacious, has this expressive motto, which ought to be written up in all kitchens, considering the present dearness of provisions:—*Waste not—want not!* From the principal front of the house, the eye is conducted by a beautiful slope to the water, which is seen tumbling down a cascade, encircling an island planted with firs at the edge falling over rough rocks; and then forming a large sheet of water, on which is a yacht. Below is a small rustic building, over the *well* and *bath*, which are used by many persons who are accommodated at the inn, built by his Lordship in the road, and from which a pleasant walk through the park leads to the bath. In the back front of the house, on the edge of the rising ground, is a fine and extensive plantation, beginning to shew itself in great beauty.

DERBY, at the distance of three miles, we reached to dinner. This town is large, populous, and on the whole well-built, containing five parish churches. All-Saints is a noble structure, erected in the reign of Queen Mary, and its gothic tower possesses great beauty. It is said to have been built by the sole expence of the bachelors and maidens in the town; hence it was formerly the custom, when a young woman, a native of the place, was married, for the bachelors to ring the bells! A proper tribute this of respect to the *holy state* of matrimony. The town was an ancient borough by prescription, and in the reign of Charles the First received a charter of incorporation. It has a weekly market on Fridays, is 126 miles from London, and stands on the Derwent, nearly in the centre of the kingdom.

Derby is celebrated for a *silk mill* on the river, erected by Sir Thomas Loombe, who, at an immense

expense and great hazard, brought the model from Italy. It is fixed in a large house, six stories high, and consists of 26,586 wheels, with 97,746 movements, all driven by one large water wheel, fixed on the outside of the house. It goes round three times in one minute, and each time works 73,726 yards of silk thread, so that in twenty-four hours, it works 318,496,320 yards of silk thread, under the management of only one regulator! It has been of such vast service to the silk trade, that Sir Thomas had the benefit of it during his life; but the parliament having allowed him fourteen thousand pounds as a further reward for his services, he suffered a model of it to be taken. This model now lies in the Record Office at the Tower for the benefit of the public, any person being allowed to inspect it, so that there are at present several mills of the like kind erected in different parts of the kingdom.

Its china manufactory also does honour to human ingenuity. Nor must I omit to mention the skill displayed in the formation of spars, marbles, and petrifications, with which the country abounds, into vases, urns, pillars, and columns, of exquisite beauty. They are, however, exceedingly brittle, as I found by experience; the purchaser, therefore, must be careful to secure them from the least external injury. Both at Matlock and at Buxton specimens of this frail ware are exhibited in a wonderful variety.

Before we quitted the town we were introduced to the celebrated Dr. Erasmus Darwin, who received us politely, and with whom I enjoyed half an hour's pleasant conversation. Having mentioned his works, and expressed my surprise at the number and extent of them, he assured me that they were, for the most part, written in his carriage, as he went to visit his patients, to whom I afterwards understood he was sometimes called forty or fifty miles, all around the country. Using a black-lead pencil in the first instance, he after-

wards delivers over his zig-zag manuscript to an amanuensis for transcription. It has been the envied lot of this gentleman to unite together, in his own person, the characters of philosopher and poet; for whilst his *Zoonomia* displays the profundity of his researches, his *Botanic Garden* shews his acquaintance with the muses, who appear to have showered down their favours upon him with a copious liberality. Take, as a specimen, these inimitable lines, and inscribe them on your heart. A finer compliment cannot be paid to the cause of suffering humanity:

No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,
 No gem that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears,
 Not the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorn,
 Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
 Shine with *such* lustre—as the TEAR that breaks
 For *others* woe down VIRTUE's manly cheeks!

Dr. Darwin favoured us with the key of his garden, of which I had heard many speak in terms of high commendation. We entered it, after having ferried ourselves over the Derwent with great ease, by means of machinery, which he himself had constructed. The spot was rural and retired, whilst vegetation sported herself in a rich and wanton luxuriance. At the extremity we were shown a seat, whence we enjoyed a beautiful view of the bridge and river, together with other objects interesting to the contemplative mind. Here we were told the doctor sits for hours, meditating plans of private and public utility. Probably his works were here first conceived, which will cause his name to descend with accumulated honours to posterity!

The Rebels, in the month of December, 1745, penetrated England as far as Derby, of course a few strides more would have put the metropolis into their possession. This circumstance created a most unprecedented alarm throughout the whole country. The well-affected of every description were up in arms to resist these

bold invaders, and the dissenters at this turbulent period were particularly distinguished for their zeal and loyalty. But happily the rebels, divided in their councils, soon retreated back into Scotland with precipitation. The duke of Cumberland, who at this critical time was fighting in Germany, returned to England, followed them to the Highlands, and defeated them on Culloden Moor, near Inverness, on Wednesday the 16th of April 1746. Horrible was the carnage of that day, and deeply is it to be regretted, that after so *entire* a victory the scaffolds should have streamed with blood. By the suppression of this rebellion, however, which lasted *nine long months*, during which period the royal troops were *twice* routed, the inhabitants of this highly favoured island were relieved from the apprehensions of a cruel and unrelenting tyranny!

We now bade adieu to Derby, and arrived at Arnold, near Nottingham, about nine in the evening. After an absence of *four* days, in which we travelled near 150 miles, we returned safe, though very much fatigued, into the bosom of a family, where we were received with cheerful congratulations. Nor can I omit expressing my obligation to Mr. S. and also to his eldest son, who accompanied me, for their attention to a plan transmitted them by a worthy relative of theirs, whom I have the honour to rank among my friends. By *these* means alone, was I enabled to perform my journey with so much satisfaction.

Flattering myself that you, my young friend, may find some little novelty in this part of my excursion:

I remain,

Your affectionate Tutor,

J. EVANS,

SNAKES IN LAKE ERIE.

[From Weld's Travels through North America.]

ALL the islands are dreadfully infested with serpents, and on some of them rattlesnakes are so numerous, than in the height of summer it is really dangerous to land; it was now late in September; yet we had not been three minutes on shore on Bass island, before several of these noxious reptiles were seen amongst the bushes, and a couple of them, of a large size, were killed by the seamen.

Two kinds of rattlesnakes are found in this part of the country; the one is of a deep brown colour, clouded with yellow, and is seldom met with more than thirty inches in length. It usually frequents marshes and low meadows, where it does great mischief amongst cattle, which it bites mostly in the lips, as they are grazing. The other sort is of a greenish yellow colour, clouded with brown, and attains nearly twice the size of the other. It is most commonly found between three and four feet in length, and as thick as the wrist of a large man. The rattlesnake is much thicker in proportion to its length than any other snake, and it is thickest in the middle of the body, which approaches somewhat to a triangular form, the belly being flat, and the back bone rising higher than any other part of the animal. The rattle, with which this serpent is provided, is at the end of the tail; it is usually about half an inch in breadth, one quarter of an inch in thickness, and each joint about half an inch long. The joint consists of a number of little cases of a dry horny substance, inclosed one within another, and not only the outermost of these little cases articulates with the outermost case of the contiguous joint, but each case, even to the smallest one of all, at the inside, is connected by a

sort of joint with the corresponding case in the next joint of the rattle. The little cases or shells lie very loosely within one another, and the noise proceeds from their dry and hard coats striking one against the other. It is said that the animal gains a fresh joint to its rattle every year; of this, however, I have great doubts, for the largest snakes are frequently found to have the fewest joints to their rattles. A medical gentleman in the neighbourhood of Newmarket, behind the Blue Mountains, in Virginia, had a rattle in his possession, which contained no less than thirty-two joints; yet the snake from which it was taken scarcely admeasured five feet; rattlesnakes, however, of the same kind, and in the same part of the country, have been found of a greater length with not more than ten rattles. One of the snakes which we saw killed on Bass Island, in Lake Erie, had no more than four joints in its rattle, and yet it was nearly four feet long.

The skin of the rattlesnake, when the animal is wounded, or otherwise enraged, exhibits a variety of beautiful tints, never seen at any other time. It is not with the teeth which the rattlesnake uses for ordinary purposes that it strikes its enemy, but with two long crooked fangs in the upper jaw, which point down the throat. When about to use these fangs, it rears itself up as much as possible, throws back its head, drops its under jaw, and springing forward upon its tail, endeavours to hook itself as it were upon its enemy. In order to raise itself on its tail, it coils itself up previously in a spiral line, with the head in the middle. It cannot spring farther forward than about half its own length.

The flesh of the rattlesnake is as white as the most delicate fish, and is much esteemed by those who are not prevented from tasting it by prejudice. The soup made from it is said to be delicious, and very nourishing.

In my rambles about the islands, under which we

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lay at anchor, I found many specimens of the exuviae of these snakes, which, in the opinion of the country people of Upper Canada, are very efficacious in the cure of the rheumatism, when laid over the part afflicted, and fastened down with a bandage. The body of the rattlesnake dried to a cinder over the fire, and then finely pulverised, and infused in a certain portion of brandy, is also said to be a never failing remedy against that disorder. I conversed with many people who had made use of this medicine, and they were firmly persuaded that they were indebted to it for a speedy cure. The liquor is taken inwardly, in the quantity of a wine glass full at once, about threetimes a day. No effect, more than from taking plain brandy is perceived from taking this medicine on the first day; but at the end of the second day the body of the patient becomes suffused with a cold sweat, every one of his joints grow painful, and his limbs become feeble, and scarcely able to support him; he grows worse and worse for a day or two; but persevering in the use of the medicine for a few days, he gradually loses his pains, and recovers his wonted strength of body.

Many different kinds of serpents besides rattlesnakes are found on these islands in Lake Erie. I killed several totally different from any that I had ever met with in any other part of the country; amongst the number was one which I was informed was venomous in the highest degree: it was somewhat more than three feet in length; its back was perfectly black; its belly a vivid orange. I found it amongst the rocks on Middle Island, and on being wounded in the tail, it turned about to defend itself with inconceivable fury. Mr. Carver tells of a serpent that is peculiar to these islands, called the hissing snake: "It is," says he, "of the small speckled kind, and about eighteen inches long. When any thing approaches it, it flattens itself in a moment, and its spots, which are of various dyes, become visibly brighter through rage; at the same time it blows from its mouth with great force

a subtile wind that is reported to be of a nauseous smell, and if drawn in with the breath of the unwary traveller will infallibly bring on a decline, that in a few months must prove mortal, there being no remedy yet discovered which can counteract its baneful influence." Mr. Carver does not inform us of his having himself seen this snake; I am tempted, therefore, to imagine, that he has been imposed upon, and that the whole account he has given of it is fabulous. I made very particular enquiries respecting the existence of such a snake, from those persons who were in the habit of touching at these islands, and neither they nor any other person I met with in the country had ever seen or heard of such a snake, except in Mr. Carver's Travels. Were a traveller to believe all the stories respecting snakes that are current in the country, he must believe that there is such a snake as the whip-snake, which, as it is said, pursues cattle through the woods and meadows, lashing them with its tail, till overcome with the fatigue of running they drop breathless to the ground, when it preys upon their flesh; he must also believe that there is such a snake as the hoop snake, which has the power of fixing its tail firmly in a certain cavity inside of its mouth, and then of rolling itself forward like a hoop or wheel with such wonderful velocity that neither man nor beast can possibly escape from its devouring jaws.

A

SOLUTION OF THE CAUSE OF RAIN.

[Translated from the French.]

I THINK it most probable (says the Author) that rain originates from the concretion of certain humid particles of the atmosphere, which continue united until the nadir atmosphere is not of a sufficient density to sus-

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tain them, and their falling in different sizes may be accounted for in several ways: 1. They fall in small drops when the nadir atmosphere is rarefied, or the centripetal power of the atmosphere above is increased to a preponderating degree, and they fall in large drops when the nadir atmosphere is very dense, or the zenith atmosphere is become considerably more rarefied than that below the cloud from which they issue, which cause the particles to continue circulating and uniting till they become of a sufficient weight to bear them down: but I must be understood (says he) that it is not every opaque cloud we see that engenders these humid particles, for there are as many sorts of atmosphere as there are variations of soil in the earth.

Deal, 1800.

JOHN MERCER.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

OCT. 12. **T**HE tragedy of MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS was performed with considerable animation. Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Kemble, and Mrs. Powell, distinguished themselves in a peculiar manner, and drew repeated tokens of approbation.

OCT. 16. The comedy of INDISCRETION was performed, and honoured by the presence of the Princess of Wales. The piece is certainly more indebted to the talents of the performers, particularly Mr. King and Miss Pope, than to its merit as a composition.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

SEPT. 28. The comic opera of *DAPHNE AND AMINTOR* was revived for the purpose of introducing Miss Howell in the part of *Daphne*. This young lady sung last season at Vauxhall with great applause. Her person and countenance are pleasing, and her voice, though not remarkable for extent of compass, is sweet, and skilfully modulated.

Oct. 1. In the comedy of the *RIVALS* the character of *Acres* was performed by Mr. Blanchard, and that of *David* by Mr. Beverly. The former has been for some years a favourite comedian on the Norwich stage, and the latter the manager of a country company.

Oct. 17. A lady, of the name of *Hamilton*, who has performed with applause at some of the provincial theatres, made her *debut* in the character of *Lady Amaranth*, in O'Keefe's pleasant comedy of *WILD OATS*. She possesses many claims to the public favour. Her figure is remarkable for symmetry, and her voice distinct and impressive. The characters of *Harry Thunder* and *John Dory* were, for the first time, performed with considerable effect by Mr. H. Johnston and Mr. Emery. The performances were numerous attended, and the boxes displayed more *beauty* and *fashion* than are generally witnessed at this early period of the season.

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR OCTOBER, 1800.

THE
MAN OF FASHION'S DAY.

A SATIRE ON MODERN MANNERS.

SATIRE has been of late to books confin'd,
And has not lash'd the follies of mankind;
From Bavian poetry ridicule arose,
In one of verse to twenty lines of prose;
But I propose a mightier work to scan,
And sing the vices of the modern man.
Nor light the task their manners to describe,
Their cunning craft, dishonourable bribe;
Their party politics, envenom'd hate,
Frequent concomitants of our free state;
Of censure, follies share the greatest part,
Which reach the head at least, if not the heart;
Then, reader, judge not with too high an hand,
Nor, critic like, severely reprimand;
Err t'wards indulgence—you, perhaps, can tell
How hard a task it is to scribble well.

I date my ingress with the rising sun,
Nor do I end my course when he has done;
But when he leaves us in the shades of night,
To give to other parts his cheering light,
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I still accompany this modern man,
To search the secrets of his erring plan;
When he another day shall usher in,
I'll quit my verses just where I begin.

Scarce yet asleep, he slumbers on the down,
His cares forgotten and his sorrows flown;
Nor till the afternoon does Morpheus leave
The last, the maddest of the sons of Eve;
With haggard eyes he leaves his sluggish couch,
His sunk eyes red with yesterday's debauch;
With dizzy brain, and languor in his head,
He calls for chocolate and butter'd bread;
He takes a spoonful, then for toast he calls;
The very sight of it his heart appalls.
Take all away, be quick, I'll have no more,
And when you have clear'd the table, shut the door.
Now left alone he sinks in his arm chair,
Then walks abroad to take a little air;
From shop to coffee-house he bends his way,
And calls for news to pass the tedious day:
Soon tir'd of what he little understands,
He finds the time hang heavy on his hands;
He saunters onward to St. James's Park,
And then to Bond Street hies this roving spark;
With qualms of spleen his empty mind oppress'd,
He now turns homeward that he may be dress'd
In time for dinner—this indeed is late,
Alike of ancient and of modern date*;
Welcome indeed to him, come when it will,
Whose greatest pleasure is his g—s to fill;
Who loss of senses makes his demi god,
Nor fears the after-smart of Bacchus' rod.
Amongst the company he takes his seat,
To help to turtle or to carve the meat;
Him void of self-love never do we find,
The ruling passion of his feeble mind.
Say what you will, and dress it as you can,
Vitellius now is seen in every man;

* The ancient Romans always us'd to fast,
Till the hard labours of the day were past,

He eats and drinks, he laughs and chats away
 The happiest part of each succeeding day.
 The ensuing age shall meet with fairer lays,
 As this needs satire, may that merit praise!
 As fashion sways, the ladies may retire
 To form a circle round the blazing fire;
 And if French wine below they find too thin,
 May with French liquors light the fire within.
 Of ladies free the gentlemen are left,
 But of their senses are not yet bereft;
 Fresh vigour thrills thro' every mortal breast,
 At the near prospect of their drunken feast;
 Ceres and Bacchus in the middle stand,
 While port and politics go hand in hand;
 The foolish men, transform'd to senseless swine,
 Now praise the Champagne and the Rhenish wine,
 And thro' their croaking throats they coarsely sing
 Or Rule Britannia, or God save the King.
 The toasts are call'd; one drinks to ——
 Renown'd for oratory and for wit.
 More attic —— another names,
 Or him who leaves the parliament for games;
 Or who, affronted at a great man's room,
 In sad minority now meets his doom;
 Now —— now —— each alike are nam'd,
 Nearly alike in opposition fam'd;
 Now whig, now tory, each by turns they call,
 Discordant drunkenness soon ends it all;
 One bending homeward steers his reeling course,
 Another, booted, mounts his fiery horse;
 On foot, or horseback, equal danger share,
 Of bloody noses and their skulls laid bare;
 One calls his coach to take him to the play,
 Another to the opera speeds his way;
 Some seek the masquerade, and then the rout;
 From play to opera, now in, now out;
 How most debauched they may pass the night,
 Screen'd from the lustre of meridian light.
 Of vice obscene the nursery and school,
 Vauxhall and Ranelagh hold many a fool.

Of all inventions which the great have made,
The worst of all's a public masquerade;
Devoid of shame, to few their sins are known,
And e'en those few have made that sin their own.
The flower and orange girls their foul arts ply
With guileful words and roving wanton eye;
Nor vain their art, for few who go abstain
From the temptations of the female train.

But of all places which have been of late
The greatest favourites amongst the great,
Are nightly routs; and could you ever guess
What of the *bon ton* gives them, more or less;
Believe it if you can, ye future youth,
Believe, or not believe, 'tis still the truth,
They were, last Christmas, reckon'd most to please,
Who could to table bring the most green peas.
Such dire confusions in these routs arise,
By invitations feign'd, and base disguise,
The Bow-street officers are forc'd to come,
To keep due order in this troubled room;
Who with base tickets tempt fair fashion's rout,
Are, with their tickets, quickly turned out;
And if a lady's drunk, and coachman gone,
She must with passion reel the streets alone,
There doom'd to wander for a tedious age,
Till she can find an hackney coach or stage
To take her home to vent her spleen and rage. }
These public evenings make so much expense,
Their husbands, if they're men of common sense,
Such feasts and luxury will not admit,
Unless their coffers they can amply fit.
Some few days since it was accounted kind
To let the wives go out when they had a mind;
But times are chang'd, not now abroad to roam,
The favour is, to let them stay at home.

Surely no man of sense will ever praise
The idle chit chat of these modern days;
Trifles at best, unprofitable, dull,
Of which the mouth of every man is full,
While envious scandal, whisper'd o'er and o'er,
May sooner pass the quickly flying hour,

The ladies all the night are doom'd to hear
 This foolish jargon with attentive ear.
 No wonder then that sense should be so rare,
 Amongst our females, beautifully fair.
 Oh! that the mind were fairer than that face, }
 Where no detested rouge shall hold a place,
 The mind's adornments than the showy lace, }
 No satire then their souls should ever vex,
 But all I sung should praise the female sex.
 Some future day, if such a theme be mine,
 I'll gladly sacrifice at beauty's shrine;
 Some future day, I just this hint express,
 I hope to see them modest in their dress.

The supper ended, and the fair guests gone,
 The man of fashion's never left alone;
 He to their coaches hands the going fair,
 Curses the chillness of the morning air;
 His business done, he will no longer stay, }
 When Sol, returning with his eastern ray,
 Shall guide him homeward to his night of day. }

Thus have I sung the day and night of him
 Who fills his cup of pleasure to the brim;
 Who soon intoxicates by drinking fast;
 Such furious pleasure never long can last.
 Virtues, not vices, make an happy life,
 Domestic quietness, not public strife.
 A man of fashion is a man of vice,
 He w——s, and games, and duels in a trice.
 It is indeed the wonder of the age
 To see a man of fashion truly sage;
 Who vice abhors, to virtue strict adheres,
 Nor the sharp edge of ridicule who fears;
 Who knows that happiness is only found,
 With easy conscience and a mind as sound.
 Happy the man who this sage maxim knows,
 Before experience takes away repose;
 The worldly man is more by others led,
 Who put new notions in his brainless head,
 Than by those follies formed by his heart,
 Which less, undoubtedly, would make him smart.

He fears what comrades—what the great would say,
Should he avoid the follies of the day;
He fears the poison'd edge of ridicule;
To be like others, makes himself a fool.
Ye spotless youth, if any yet remain,
Who have not receiv'd sad fashion's stain,
Do not the vice of others make your own,
They have enough conspicuously shewn,
But be content with those your nature gave,
And strongly curb the vices which you have;
Chain down your passions, from them ease your mind,
The charms of liberty you then will find!

Who wastes in careless indolence his youth,
Loses the best part of his life in sloth;
And who in bed will all the morning lay,
Loses the best part of the cheerful day;
Rise then betimes, read much, and more attend,
And without knowledge never do you spend
A single day, and when you go to bed,
Consider what improvement you have made,
“So shall your days in one glad tenor run,
“Nor end in sorrows as they first begun.”

A cultivated mind enjoys much more,
Than he who ransacks pleasure o'er and o'er;
Who has no joys, excepting outward sense
Buys his short pleasures at a great expense;
He gives all future for the present hour,
Peevish his old age, and his temper sour;
Ill health its direful torment too shall lend,
He'll scarcely know the comfort of a friend;
For who will e'er associate with him,
Whose mind's idealess and visage grim?
Be this a warning, generous youth, to you,
Who have nothing now but pleasure in your view.
Perhaps you think my counsel too severe,
This is some man, you say, grown old, austere,
Almost a misanthrope—we'll grant it true,
I have then much more experience than you.
Suppose I have tasted of that luscious cup,
And drank the dregs of pleasure to a drop,

I surely then have reason on my side,
 And ought to be your friend as well as guide.
 Go taste that pleasure from the banquet rise,
 The hidden poison at the bottom lies ;
 Take frequent sups, but never drink too fast,
 For if you do your happiness is past :
 Attend the play, the opera, and rout ;
 Of all diversions pick the wisest out.
 Tho' dancing foolish in itself appears,
 It has the sanction of some thousand years,
 And in good company, I will approve
 Of what young people generally love.
 When in cold days the snow lays on the ground,
 And scarcely any exercise is found,
 In social glee we trace the merry dance,
 In all the gaiety of sprightly France ;
 And surely no man will deny its merit,
 When it conduces to our health and spirit.
 Be true to virtue, wheresoe'er she calls,
 At play, or opera, or midnight balls.
 I am not severe, I will not deny a glass
 Of sparkling champagne to the sprightly lass ;
 In all things temperate may she all enjoy,
 And with gay pleasure mix a fine alloy ;
 At home contented may she always share
 Her mother's tenderness and father's care.

I am glad to find that cards are out of date,
 Much time on them has been bestow'd of late ;
 While mix'd with envy and malignant strife,
 Such time can scarce deserve the name of life ;
 But much I fear, that fashion soon will turn,
 And we shall mourn once more o'er sense's urn ;
 Fashion commands, and who dares disobey,
 To her votaries blind obedience pay.
 If only foolish, better to conform,
 Than tempt the fury of the gathering storm.
 In spite of fashion, who no healths will drink,
 Nearer than fashion he's to folly's brink ;
 He at the folly of mankind will rail,
 Because o'er custom one man can't prevail ;
 That man, perhaps, is justly call'd a fool,
 And might with little boys be sent to school.

SONNET TO COMMERCE.

FROM EFFUSIONS OF FANCY.

COMMERCE! gain-grasping power, my dubious heart,
 Knows not if thou deservest praise or blame;
 Whether the blessing of the world thou art,
 Or civilized man's unceasing shame;
 Could thy wide arms unite all human kind,
 In one firm compact of fraternal love,
 For thee the muse her richest wreaths should bind,
 For thee her strains in sweetest measures move.
 But if thy votaries, in the gloomy den
 Of trade immured, are callous to distress;
 Or if thy hard hands forge for fellow-men,
 The chains of slavery and of wretchedness,
 Still shall she execrate the power that gave
Wealth to the tyrant—misery to the slave!

EVENING.

GIVE me at eve, yon lovely dell
 In all its charms, it suits me well;
 That rivulet, by whose clear stream
 True lovers stray, and poets dream;
 That modest spire, and church-yard green,
 Where contemplation oft is seen
 Loitering till the evening grey,
 From every covert creeps away;
 With her let me mount the skies,
 What time the moon begins to rise,
 Volant on her pinions borne
 To Heaven's high gate, nor longer mourn
 The heart-sick woes of this frail state.
 Slow wandering thro' yon wood sedate,
 Where fear with wicked darkness dwells,
 And superstition strews his spells,
 Calm let my fearless footsteps rove,
 While at short intervals the grove

Echoes with sweet response the knell
 Of the near village evening bell;
 Oh how it soothes the woe-sick soul,
 And minds affliction of its goal:
 Then the bat comes fluttering by,
 Mocking the sight of quickest-eye;
 Just like the goods of this life's scene,
 Flit o'er the sense and scarce are seen.
 And then the owl, with sudden scream
 Startles from meditative dream;
 And then that melancholy drone,
 The beetle, with his selfish tone,
 Lulling the vacant ear of night,
 Across the footway takes his flight.
 Darker as the evening grows,
 Every sound has sought repose,
 Save at that mill the dizzing sound
 Of dashing waters spreads around.
 When the cares of life grow fast,
 Oh let me to thy coverts haste,
 If hopeless love with dim-eyed care,
 Or that grave digging fiend despair,
 Into thy sacred haunts intrude,
 Religion, known to all the good,
 Shall with her heavenly train attend,
 And every avenue defend.
 Oh tranquil eve! thy sober hour,
 Slow wasted in oblivial bower,
 Can well a virtuous mind repay
 The unblest follies of the day.

Birmingham,
 Aug. 20, 1800.

FRANCES JONES.

ON THE SIGHT OF

A PHEASANT FLUTTERING FOR LIFE.

POOOR harmless bird! thy short liv'd days are gone,
 And such the end of all that live and move,
 Upon the sublunary globe.—Here let
 Me moralize with meditations sad,

For well it is that thoughts like these should
 Wean us from the world—O hither come, thou
 Mortal, whose sole cares are center'd here below;
 O! hither come, and view a picture of
 Thy future state— (saving immortality)
 Similitude how awful, yet how just!
 Ah! see'st thou not its little breathless limbs
 By the last pang distorted? So shall thine be,
 Ere thou shalt enter the cold realms of death,
 (Eternity's dread passport)— see'st thou not
 How soon its body will become a prey
 To foul corruption? so alas! shall thine,
 So shall thy beauty moulder in the dust.

*Bow Church-yard,
 6th Sept. 1800.*

R. C.

ADDRESS TO A SKELETON.

WHY start you at that SKELETON?
 'Tis your own picture which you shun:
 Alive it did resemble thee;
 And thou, when dead, like that shalt be:
 Converse with it, and then you'll say,
 You cannot better spend the day.
 You little think how you'll admire
 The language of those bones and wire;
 The tongue is gone, but every joint
 Can speak with force, and to the point.
 When all your moralists are read,
 You'll find no tutor like the dead.

If in truth's paths, those *feet* have trod,
 No matter whether bare or shod;
 If us'd to travel to the door
 With comfort for the sick or poor,
 Though to the dance they were so strange,
 As their rude motion not to change,
 Those *feet* now wing'd shall upward fly,
 And tread the palace of the sky!

If ne'er those *hands* in blood were stain'd,
Nor fill'd with wealth unjustly gain'd,
Nor greedily at honours graspt,
But to the poor were oft unclaspt,
It matters not, if in the mine
They delv'd, or did with rubies shine!

There grew the *lips* : and in that place,
Where now appears a vacant space,
Was the fix'd *tongue*, an organ shrill,
Employ'd extremely well or ill.
I know not if it could retort,
Or speak the *language of the court* ;
But this I will presume t' aver,
That if it were no flatterer,
If it traduc'd no man's repute,
If when it could not praise were mute,
'Twas a *blest tongue*, and shall prevail
When wit and eloquence shall fail !

Prime instances of nature's skill,
The *eyes* did once those hollows fill.
Were they quick-sighted, sparkling, clear,
As those of hawks and eagles are,
Or did they oft with moisture swim,
Or were distorted, blear, or dim ;
Yet if they were from envy free,
Nor lov'd to gaze on vanity ;
If none with scorn they did behold,
And with no amorous glances roll'd,
Those *eyes* more bright and piercing grown,
Shall view the great Creator's throne,
They shall behold th' invisible,
And on eternal glories dwell !

See, not the least remains appear,
To show where nature plac'd the *ear* ;
Who knows if it were musical,
Or could not judge of sounds at all ;
Yet if it were to counsel bent,
To caution and reproof attent,
That *ear* shall with this *sound* be blest ;
Well done : and enter to thy rest !

If wise as *Socrates* that skull
 Had ever been, its now as dull
 As *Midas's*: or if its wit
 To that of *Midas* did submit,
 Its now as full of plot and skill
 As is the skull of *Machiavel*.
 Proud laurels once might shade the brow
 Where not so much as hair grows now:
 Observe then—HE is only blest
 Who of religion is possest.
 A quiet conscience in a quiet breast
 Has only peace, has only rest;
 The music and the mirth of kings
 Are out of time, unless she sings.
 Then close thine eyes in peace, and rest secure,
 No sleep's so sweet as thine, no rest so sure!

SAPPHO TO HER LOVER.

BID me the ills of life endure,
 Ills, that shall rend my heart!
 Bid me resign the hope of cure,
 And cherish endless smart!
 Bid me a weary wand'rer be—
 But never bid me part from thee!
 Bid me encounter vulgar scorn;
 And, hopeless of relief,
 Bid me awake, each sadden'd morn,
 To feed the source of grief!
 Bid me from pomp and splendor flee—
 But never bid me fly from thee!
 Bid me o'er barren deserts rove,
 O'er mountains rude and bare;
 Bid me the keenest torments prove,
 That feeling bosoms share!
 Bid me no dawn of comfort see—
 I'll bear it all—if blest with thee!

SAPPHO.

Literary Review.

Tales of the Abbey, founded on Historical Facts, Three Volumes in Boards. By A. Kendall, Author of Derwent Priory, the Castle of the Rock, &c. Symonds. 10s. 6d.

IN an age abounding with wretched romances, we are glad to meet with a production, which by its beneficial tendency secures our approbation. When we look into the novel department, it resembles too much a barren and wild region, where here and there only, a green spot arises to relieve the eye and cheer the heart by its gay fertility. To such a spot we compare the work before us. We think it therefore a duty we owe our readers, especially the younger part of them, to point out a publication, from the perusal of which they must derive no small gratification. To improve the understanding and to meliorate the heart, are subjects which the authoress keeps steadily in her eye, and which, in our opinion, she has happily accomplished.

The title, *Tales of the Abbey*, indicates the miscellaneous nature of the work ; at the same time these *tales* are so interwoven in each other, that, taken apart, we lose half their beauty. We cannot, therefore, transcribe any one of them, and must refer to the production itself, with which we have been much pleased.

The characters are not numerous, but well sustained; the sentiments are exactly suited to their conditions, and the language, in most places, rises above mediocrity; sometimes, indeed, we were struck with its energy. The following sketch is a fair specimen of her descriptive powers—let the reader judge for himself. It occurs towards the close of the second volume, and forms part of the narrative of poor *Magdalena*, rendered very interesting by her misfortunes and sensibility :

“ At length confinement and want of air had a visible effect on my health. My fever had left me weak and feeble, my limbs grew stiff, my joints swelled, and it was with great difficulty that I took the common exercise of walking about the ruins. The good man saw and pitied the helpless state into which I was fast falling. One evening, after looking at me for some time with looks of tenderness and compassion, he enquired whether I should have courage to walk by moonlight? I replied in the affirmative. ‘ Then,’ said he, ‘ I will venture, when the nights are favourable, to conduct you to the rocks; by day-light I dare not let you quit the ruins lest Lord Tyrone should unexpectedly return hither.’” I gladly embraced the proposal, and the same evening, leaning on Agnes, he conducted me through the cave to the shore, and instructed us in the means of entering or quitting the ruins.

“ Suddenly the stupendous arch of heaven, studded with ten thousand stars, burst upon our sight; the hoarse waves dashed on the rocky barrier, while the moon beams played sportively upon the tremendous bosom of the deep. I contemplated this august scene with sensations of reverence that I had never felt before, and while my bosom glowed with the pure flame of sacred adoration, I bent my soul with all humility before the throne of its creator, and vowed to bear his corrective dispensations without presumptuous murmurings or vain regret. From this I continued to walk in the evening whenever the weather would permit, and frequently observed what Agnes had before remarked, the lights at the abbey, but I did not then feel any desire to know by whom it was inhabited; for I was not so weak as to suppose that they were placed there by supernatural means. I once men-

tioned it to Father Luke, who gave me an evasive answer, and I thought no more of it.

"Refreshed and invigorated by the healthful breezes of the sea, my spirits mended, and my disorder yielded to its salutary influence. I believed myself for ever lost to the world, and I endeavoured to forget that I had ever been endeared to it; yet the supposed death of Raymond (why should I conceal it?) lay heavy at my heart. That the interest he had taken in my safety had occasioned it, was a consideration too painful to be easily obliterated, and though my grief was not violent, it settled into a tender melancholy, a calm resignation, which taught me, while weeping for his fate, to forget my own. Frequently have I wandered from dark till day-break along the shore, listening to the hoarse scream of the water fowls, the howling of the winds, and the roaring of the waters. Agnes was sometimes my companion, but I was more frequently alone, for she was terrified at sounds that I listened to without dismay. I once ventured up the avenue which leads to the abbey, but fearing that I was observed by some persons at a window, I suddenly retreated.

"One evening I had wandered, lost in thought, beyond my usual limits, without observing that the gathering clouds indicated an approaching storm. Suddenly the dashing of oars alarmed me, and at a little distance from me I perceived several men spring out of a boat. I concealed myself behind an ancient tree from their observation; there I continued till they were out of sight. I was indulging the hope that I should now return to the ruins without interruption, when the evening suddenly closed, the winds became awfully loud, and the rain poured in torrents. I continued to receive shelter from the tree, and seemed to gain confidence and safety from the darkness that surrounded me; and there I expected I must continue till morning should enable me to seek the entrance to the ruins.

"The rain at length abated, and the moon, then in her zenith, faintly pierced the clouds with partial rays. I endeavoured to profit by the pale light she afforded, and proceeded forwards till I had gained the rocks; and with great difficulty reached the passage which led to the cave. Here my toils seemed over, my fears were vanished, and I paused

to contemplate the solemn scene which the contending elements presented to my view. Immense columns of clouds seemed rising from the broad ocean to the firmament, which the winds scattered into air; but as they dispersed, red lightnings burst from their bosoms and quivered on the boiling billows of the main. The whole exhibited a scene so solemnly impressive, as absorbed for the time every other consideration, and I stood wrapt in mute attention, till the rain, which had before ceased, again warned me to seek a place of shelter. The moon was no longer an inhabitant of our hemisphere, and entire darkness would have surrounded me, had it not been for repeated flashes of lightning which directed me to the cave !”

An *interesting melancholy* pervades the whole work, which will, of course, render it an excellent companion for the *winter evenings*, imparting to readers of almost every description no inconsiderable portion of entertainment and instruction.

The Annual Anthology. Vol. II. 1800. Longman and Rees. 6s.

THE former volume of this work passed under our review at the time of its publication. Several extracts were made by us for the entertainment of our readers, and though of various merit, they shewed considerable sprightliness and vivacity. Of much the same cast is this second part now before us. Southey, Coleridge, Hucks, Case, Lamb, Lloyd, &c. are the writers to whom we are indebted for the present portion of amusement.

Out of the mass of poetry here offered to the notice of the public, we shall transcribe a very few pieces of real worth. *The Child of Sorrow's Tale* is beautiful:

“ THE CHILD OF SORROW’S TALE.

“ Deny, but do not taunt a maid
 Who never scorn with scorn repays ;
 Proud man, though now I ask your aid
 Mine once, alas ! were happier days.
 But sorrow mark’d me for her own
 Before I told my twentieth year—
 Yet when my friends began to frown,
 I but reproach’d them with—a tear.

I ne’er could frame the harsh reply,
 The look unkind by feeling fear’d,
 E’en when I met disdain’s cold eye,
 E’en when I cruel language heard.
 I’ve seen my friend, my earliest friend,
 Refuse my tale of woe to hear ;
 Yet still unwilling to offend,
 All my remembrance—was a tear.

And I have known the slanderer’s tongue
 My fame with vile dishonour taint,
 Yet on my lips no curses hung,
 Tho’ *mournful, mild* was my complaint.
 And I was forced by cruel power
 To leave the scenes I held most dear :
 O ! ’twas indeed a trying hour !
 Yet all my language was—a tear.

And I have known the youth I lov’d
 Retract the vows he swore to me,
 Behold my pallid cheek unmov’d,
 And smiling boast that he was free !
 Yet I was calm—and (hour of dread !)
 I saw him woo a maid more dear—
 But I was mute, I only shed—
 No—no !—I *COULD not shed* a tear !

Ah ! full was then my cup of grief—
 Friends, fortune, lover, fame, all lost—
 A beggar now I ask relief,
 A small, a *trifling* boon at most.

Still can you chide me from your door ?
Ah, no !—your looks compassion wear—
So large a gift !—Oh ! words were poor—
I thank, I bless you in—a tear.”

The *Battle of Blenheim* is in Southey's stile, simple,
yet pathetic and impressive :

“ BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

“ It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done ;
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.
She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found ;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.
Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's scull, said he,
Who fell in the great victory.
I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about,
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out ;
For many thousand men, said he,
Were slain in the great victory.
Now tell us what 'twas all about,
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for.

It was the English, Kaspar cried,
That put the French to rout;
But what they kill'd each other for,
I could not well make out.
But every body said, quoth he,
That 'twas a famous victory.

My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by,
They burnt his dwelling to the ground
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born infant died.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene.—
Why 'twas a very wicked thing!
Said little Wilhelmine.
Nay—nay—my little girl, quoth he,
It was a famous victory.

And every body praised the Duke
Who such a fight did win.
But what good came of it at last?—
Quoth little Peterkin.
Why that I cannot tell, said he,
But 'twas a famous victory."

The next piece was suggested by a singular subject, and the lines are well worthy of attention. The revival in BRITAIN of those execrable monasteries, the abodes of vice and superstition, must form matter of serious regret to all the lovers of true religion, and to all well wishers to the happiness of mankind. From our soul we reprobate such unnatural practices, persuaded that they are highly irrational, and may be ranked amongst the worst abominations of popery! Be these lines, therefore, impressed on every heart:

*On viewing the Monastery lately erected at
Lulworth*.*

BY JOSEPH HUCKS.

“ Perish the bigot gloom of ancient years,
That whelm’d the world in darkness and in tears?
Shall superstition, clad in monkish cowl,
Spread her pale terrors o’er the shrinking soul?
And still to reason deaf, to nature blind,
Diffuse her empire o’er the abject mind?
Shall man the social scenes of life resign,
To wet with ceaseless tears religion’s shrine?
Live in a world of beauty and of love,
Unblessing and unblest, and heaven approve?
O thou who bendest from yon azure sky
Down on these realms thy never slumbering eye,
Didst thou for this thy bounteous arm extend,
And thy own beauty to creation lend?
For this bid smile all nature at her birth,
And ever-varying charms enrich the earth?
O no, religion, offspring of the skies,
Breathes the blest sounds of social charities;

* The monks of this monastery profess themselves of the rigid order of the Carthusians. They eat nothing but vegetables and black bread; sleep on a hard board, in the cold weather, in their clothes, which they seldom pull off; and devote themselves to strict silence.

She speaks of hope, she softens human woes,
 And soft persuasion from each accent flows ;
 She shuns the grandeur of the gothic pile,
 The high-arch'd roof, and monumental aisle ;
 The perfumed altar, and time-moulder'd cells,
 And cloysters pale, where superstition dwells ;
 Roams free as air all nature's haunts among,
 Where pour the woodland choir their artless song ;
 At Sabbath dawn a sober joy she feels,
 To hear the village bells responsive peals ;
 With grateful heart, and eyes suffus'd in tears,
 She views the thousand forms that nature wears,
 The laughing morn with orient colours glow,
 The sun's last blushes tinge the mountain's brow :
 Eve's sober shadows o'er the landscape rise,
 And the night's starry splendour deck the skies.
 Far from the busy world's infected pale,
 With peace she sojourns in the cottaged vale ;
 Helpless and wan, where loath'd distemper lies,
 Where, in dumb anguish, grief's pale votary sighs,
 Thither she speeds with angel look serene,
 And soothes with words of hope each saddening scene.
 Now she delights to view, sublime of soul,
 The ocean flood, or hear the thunder roll ;
 Now wandering slow the river's winding shore,
 Or o'er the woodlands wild and mountains hoar ;
 Now at the holy hour of parting day
 Winds thro' the long-stretch'd vale her thoughtless
 way ;
 Still listening to the tuneful melody
 Of nature's ever-changing minstrelsy :
 Where'er she goes, whate'er her eye surveys,
 In nature's works she reads her maker's praise."

The extracts we have made are all of the serious
 kind, we close then with an *ode* which will create a
 smile, it is on a *topic* not to be despised :

GOOSEBERRY PIE.

A Pindaric Ode.

“ Gooseberry-pie is best.

Full of the theme O muse begin the song !

What tho' the sunbeams of the west

Mature within the turtle's breast

Blood glutinous and fat of verdant hue ?

What tho' the deer bound sportively along

O'er springy turf, the park's elastic vest ?

Give them their honours due—

But gooseberry pie is best.

Behind his oxen slow

The patient ploughman plods,

And as the sower followed by the clods

Earth's genial womb received the swelling seed,

The rains descend, the grains they grow ;

Saw ye the vegetable ocean

Roll its green billows to the April gale ?

The ripening gold with multitudinous motion

Sway o'er the summer vale ?

It flows thro' Alder banks along

Beneath the copse that hides the hill ;

The gentle stream you cannot see,

You only hear its melody,

The stream that turns the mill.

Pass on, a little way pass on,

And you shall catch its gleam anon ;

And hark ! the loud and agonizing groan

That makes its anguish known,

Where tortur'd by the tyrant lord of meal

The brook is broken on the wheel !

Blow fair, blow fair, thou orient gale !

On the white bosom of the sail

Ye winds enamour'd, lingering lie !

Ye waves of ocean spare the bark !

Ye tempests of the sky !

From distant realms she comes to bring

The sugar for my pie.

For this on Gambia's arid side
The vulture's feet are scaled with blood,
And Beelzebub beholds with pride,
His darling planter brood.

First in the spring thy leaves were seen,
Thou beauteous bush, so early green !
Soon ceas'd thy blossoms little life of love.
O safer than the Alcides-conquer'd tree
That grew the pride of that Hesperian grove—
No dragon does there need for thee
With quintessential sting to work alarms,
And guard thy fruit so fine,
Thou vegetable porcupine !
And didst thou scratch thy tender arms,
O Jane ! that I should dine !

The flour, the sugar, and the fruit,
Commingle well, how well they suit,
And they were well bestow'd.
O Jane, with truth I praise your pie,
And will not you in just reply
Praise my Pindaric ode ?”

THEODERIT.

Other specimens might have been adduced, but we have no room. The volume, on the whole, is pleasing, though there are fewer pieces in this part than in the former calculated to excite surprise and admiration. *The Bishop eaten up by Rats*, is indeed a wonderful and most bloody story ; it certainly affords matter of warning and instruction to the forestallers and monopolisers, who, with a savage indifference, fatten on the wants and miseries of mankind ! Laying aside all fabulous stories, however, hard and unamiable must be that soul who remains deaf to the powerful calls of humanity !

The Caldron, or Follies of Cambridge; a Satire.
1s. 6d. Robinsons.

THE fame of our universities has reached to the ends of the earth. Oxford and Cambridge are high sounding names, and many of their sons have attained to a distinguished celebrity; but we must honestly confess that charges have been brought forward against them which have some foundation in truth. Dissipation has, on various occasions, been visible amongst them, and its evils may be lashed with severity. That such complaints should be made and substantiated, is a matter of serious regret. Morals is of prime importance in education; indeed, on no consideration, can we dispense with them. One of the principal enquiries respecting the rearing of youth, is the security of their virtue, and every nerve should be exerted for its attainment. Good morals are the sinews of society, and the moment they are lost, society hastens to its dissolution.

The satirist before us has treated the follies of the university of Cambridge with little ceremony. This is acting the part of an honest man, and is therefore entitled to our commendation. We hope his strains will not remain unregarded, particularly by the *young sparks*, for whose benefit they were intended.

The practice of *playing cards*, when they ought to be at their STUDIES, is here justly reprobated:

“ Ah no! yon cell no learned tenant knows;
Far other scenes the powerful spells disclose;
There, round the flag of indolence enlist,
Professors of the graces and of whist;
Deaf to philosophy, to feeling dead,
A gamester's cares engross the student's head.
Are such the duties of these sacred walls,
Th' exertion this for which your country calls,
Or dream ye, that compassion can survey
Without contempt your reason stak'd at play?

Fair morning leisure, and your evening toil,
Prostrate in worship at the shrine of Hoyle?
No; since thus early your career is run,
And otage in your opening bloom begun,
Avoid the manly circles, and repair
To the gay dupe, or antiquated fair;
They with all conversation will dispense,
And for your whist forgive your want of sense!"

In such strains the poet proceeds to specify other *fol-
lies* equally fit for reprehension. We shall not pretend
to follow him in his animadversions, but would recom-
mend the perusal of the poem to ALL *whom it may
concern*. Several clergymen, who have been educated
at our universities, have made free in censuring the fol-
lies by which they have been disgraced. They have
lifted up their voices so as to be heard throughout the
land, but their remonstrances have produced no refor-
mation.

Dr. Vicesimus nox, of Tunbridge, has dealt ho-
nestly with the universities on this head, and on this ac-
count, it is thought, he has cut off all hopes of prefer-
ment. Be this as it may, he has discharged his duty to
the community.

Dr. Hurd is also, Professor of Poetry at Oxford,
has exposed the pernicious conduct of the profligate
student in his *Young Tobias*, a character well drawn,
and replete with instruction. We commend his labours,
and they must prove, in the end, of unspeakable uti-
lity.

That the *education of youth* is a most arduous task
we confess, and every individual, thus occupied, has
felt its difficulty. But however momentous the employ,
and in some few cases however ungrateful the return,
yet the cause is good, and a faithful, laborious, perse-
vering tutor, deserves well of the community;—he
stands entitled to the *best thanks of posterity*.

The Spirit of the Public Journals for 1799 ; being an Impartial Selection of the most exquisite Essays and Jeux D'Esprits, principally Prose, that appear in the Newspapers, and other Publications ; with Explanatory Notes. Volume the Third. Ridgway. 5s.

THIS volume is of a very miscellaneous nature, which cannot fail of gratifying a palate that has a taste for variety. Most of the pieces are of the political kind ; this, sometimes, occasions a degree of obscurity ; but it must be confessed that its contents are entertaining, and they have afforded us some diversion.

Two specimens, the one in prose and the other in poetry, will enable the reader to form a judgment of this curious medley :

“ **IMPORTANT MEDICAL COMMUNICATION ON
THE DISEASE OF SCOLDING.**

“ From the days of the Spectator to the present time, periodical writers have indulged in invectives against scolding, from an evident misconception of the true nature, principles, and practice of scolding. Nay, our ancestors were more to blame, because they went farther, and, considering scolding as a crime, invented a punishment for it. Much light has never been thrown upon the subject ; but as I have made it my particular study for the last five-and-thirty years, that is, ever since I entered into the happy state of matrimony, I hope I shall have it in my power to dispel the darkness of ignorant and persecuting times, and contribute something to eradicate those unreasonable prejudices, which many gentlemen of our own days entertain against scolding.

“ The theory of scolding has been grossly mistaken. That which is a disease has been considered as a fault ; whereas, in fact, scolding is a disease, principally of the lungs ; and when the noxious matter has been long pent up, it affects the organs of speech in a very extraordinary manner, and is discharged with a violence which, while it relieves the pa-

tients, tends very much to disturb and frighten the beholders, or persons that happen to be within hearing.

“Such is my *theory* of scolding; and if we examine all the appearances which it presents in different families, we shall find that they will all confirm this doctrine. It is, therefore, the greatest cruelty, and the greatest ignorance, to consider it as a crime. A person may as well be confined in gaol for a fever, or transported for the gout, as punished for scolding, which is, to all intents and purposes, a disease arising from the causes already mentioned.

“Nor is it only a disease of itself, but it is also, when improperly treated, the cause of many other disorders. Neglected scoldings have often produced fits, of which a remarkable instance may be found in a treatise written by Dr. Colman, entitled, *The Jealous Wife*, in the fourth chapter, or *act*, as he calls it, of that celebrated work. On the other hand, where the scolding matter has been long pent up, without any vent, I have little doubt that it may bring on consumptions of the lungs, and those dreadful hysterical disorders which, if not speedily fatal, at least embitter the lives of many worthy members of society. All these evils might have been averted, if the faculty had considered scolding in the light of a disease, and had treated it accordingly. In pursuance of my theory, I now proceed to the

“SYMPTOMS,

“The symptoms of scolding are these; a quick pulse, generally about one hundred beats in a minute; the eyes considerably inflamed, especially in persons who are fat, or reside near Wapping; a flushing in the face, very often to a great degree; at other times, in the course of the fit, the colour goes and comes in a most surprising manner; an irregular, but violent motion of the hands and arms, and a stamping with the right foot; the voice exceedingly loud, and as the disorder advances, it becomes hoarse and inarticulate; and the whole frame is agitated. After these symptoms have continued for some time, they gradually, and in some cases very suddenly, go off; a plentiful effusion of water comes from the eyes, and the patient is restored to health; but the disorder leaves a considerable degree of weakness, and a peculiar foolishness of look, especially if any strangers have been present during

the fit. The memory too is, I conceive, somewhat impaired; the patient appears to retain a very imperfect recollection of what passed, and if put in mind of any circumstances, obstinately denies them. These symptoms, it may be supposed, will vary considerably in different patients, but where they appear at one time, there can be very little doubt of the disorder.

“ PREDISPOSING CAUSES.

“ In all diseases, a knowledge of the predisposing causes will be found to assist us in the cure. In the present case, these causes are, irritability of the vascular system, an exultation of the passions, and a moderate deficiency of natural temper.

“ OCCASIONAL CAUSES.

“ The occasional causes of scolding are many. Among them may be enumerated the throwing down of a china bason, misplacing a hat, or a pair of gloves, or an umbrella; leaving a door open; over-doing the meat; underdoing the same; spilling the soup; letting the fire go out; mistaking the hour, &c. &c. with many others, which I do not think it very necessary to enumerate, because these causes are so natural, that we cannot prevent them, and because, whatever the occasional cause of the disorder may be, the symptoms are the same, and the mode of cure the same.

“ CURE.

“ Various remedies have been thought of for this distemper, but all hitherto of the rough and violent kind, which, therefore, if they remove the symptoms for the present, have a greater disposition toward the disorder than before. Among these the common people frequently prescribe the application of an oak-stick, a horsewhip, or a leather strap or belt, which, however, are all liable to the objection I have just stated. Others have recommended *argumentation*; but this, like inoculation, will not produce the desired effect, unless the patient be in some degree prepared to receive it. Some have advised a perfect silence in all persons who are near the patient; but I must say, that wherever I have seen this tried, it has rather heightened the disorder, by bringing on fits. The same thing

may be said of *obedience*, or letting the patient have her own way. This is precisely like giving drink in a dropsical case, or curing a burning fever by throwing in great quantities of brandy.

“As the chief intention of this paper was to prove that scolding is a disease, and not a fault, I shall not enlarge much on the mode of cure; because the moment my theory is adopted, every person will be able to treat the disorder *secundum artem*. I shall mention, however, the following prescription, which I never found to fail, if properly administered :

Take—Of *Common Sense*, thirty grains.

Decent Behaviour, one scruple.

Due Consideration, ten grains.

Mix, and sprinkle the whole with *one moment's thought*, to be taken as soon as any of the occasional causes appear.

“By way of diet, though it is not necessary to restrict the patient to a milk or vegetable diet, yet I have always found it proper to guard them against strong or spirituous liquors, or any thing that tends to heat the blood.

“But it is now expedient that I should state a matter of very great importance in the prevention of this disorder, and which I have left till now, that my arguments on the subject may appear distinct, and may be comprehended under one view. It is commonly supposed, and indeed has often been asserted, that this disorder is peculiar to one only of the sexes; and I trust I need not add, what sex that is. But although it may be true that they are most liable to it, yet it is certain, from the theory laid down respecting the predisposing causes, that the men are equally in danger. Why then do we not find as many males afflicted with scolding as we do females? For this plain reason;—scolding, as proved above, is the effect of a certain noxious matter pent up. Now this matter engenders in men, as well as in women; but the latter have not the frequent opportunities for discharging it, which the men enjoy. Women are, by fashion and certain confined modes of life, restrained from all those public companies, clubs, assemblies, coffee-houses, &c. &c. where the men have a continual opportunity of discharging the cause of the disorder, without its ever accumulating in so great a quantity as to produce the symptoms I have enumerated. This, and this only, is the

cause why the disease appears most often in the female sex. I would propose, therefore, if I were a legislator, or if I had influence enough to set a fashion, that the ladies should in all respects imitate the societies of the men; that they should have their clubs, their coffee-houses, disputing societies, and even their parliament. In such places they would be able to take that species of exercise that tends to keep down the disorder, which at present accumulates in confinement, and, when nature attempts a discharge, the explosion is attended with all the violence and irregularities I have before enumerated.

“ Thus much I have ventured to advance respecting scolding, and I hope that I shall succeed in abating the unreasonable prejudices which have been fostered by an affected superiority in our sex, joined to a portion of ignorance, which, to say the least, renders that superiority a matter of great doubt. I have only to add, that my motives for all this have been perfectly disinterested, and that I shall be very happy to give advice to any person labouring under the disorder. Letters (post paid) may be addressed to

CELSUS BOERHAAVE, M. D.

The poetical flight is still more laughable to those who recollect GRAY's elegiac ode, entitled the BARD, a famous piece of lyric poetry :

“ PARODY UPON GRAY'S CELEBRATED ODE OF
‘ THE BARD.’

“ BY THE HON. THOMAS ERSKINE.

“ [This parody was written at Trinity College, Cambridge, near five and twenty years ago; and arose from the circumstance of the Author's Barber coming too late to dress him at his lodgings, at the shop of Mr. Jackson, an apothecary at Cambridge, where he lodged, till a vacancy in the College; by which he lost his dinner in the hall: when, in imitation of the despairing Bard, who prophesied the destruction of King Edward's race, he poured forth his curses

upon the whole race of Barbers, predicting their ruin in the simplicity of a future generation.]

" THE BARBER.

" *A Fragment of a Pindaric Ode, from an old Manuscript in the Museum, which Mr. Gray certainly had in his eye when he wrote his "BARD."*

" Ruin seize thee, scoundrel Coe!
 Confusion on thy frizzing wait;
 Hadst thou the only comb below,
 Thou never more should touch my pate.
 Club nor queue, nor twisted tail,
 Nor e'en thy chatt'ring, barber! shall avail
 To save thy horse-whipp'd back from daily fears;
 From Cantabs' curse, from Cantabs' tears!"
 Such were the sounds that o'er the powder'd pride
 Of Coe the barber scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Jackson's slippery lane
 He wound with puffing march his toilsome, tardy, way.

In a room where Cambridge town
 Frowns o'er the kennels' stinking flood,
 Rob'd in a flannel powd'ring-gown,
 With haggard eyes poor Erskine stood;
 (Long his beard, and blouzy hair,
 Stream'd like an old wig to the troubled air;)
 And with clung guts, and face than razor thinner,
 Swore the loud sorrows of his dinner.
 ' Hark! how each striking clock and tolling bell
 With awful sounds the hour of eating tell!
 O'er thee, oh Coe! their dreaded notes they wave,
 Soon shall such sounds proclaim thy yawning grave:
 Vocal in vain, through all this ling'ring day,
 The grace already said, the plates all swept away.

' Cold is beau * * 's tongue,
 That sooth'd each virgin's pain;
 Bright perfum'd M * * has crop'd his head:
 Almacks! you moan in vain:
 Each youth whose high toupee
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-capt head,
 In humble Tyburn-top we see,

Esplash'd wirth dirt and sun-burnt face;
 Far on before the ladies mend their pace,
 The macaroni sneers, and will not see.
 Dear lost companions of the coxcomb's art,
 Dear as a turkey to these famish'd eyes,
 Dear as the ruddy port which warms my heart,
 Ye sunk amidst the fainting misses' cries—
 No more I weep—they do not sleep:
 At yonder ball, a sturdy band,
 I see them sit; they linger yet,
 Avengers of fair Nature's hand;
 With me in dreadful resolution join,
 To crop with one accord, and starve their cursed line.'

' Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 The winding-sheet of barbers' race;
 Give ample room and verge enough
 Their lengthen'd lantern jaws to trace.
 Mark the year, and mark the night,
 When all their shops shall echo with affright;
 Loud screams shall through St. James's turrets ring,
 To see, like Eton boy, the king!
 Puppies of France, with unrelenting paws
 That scrape the foretops of our aching heads;
 No longer England owns thy fribblish laws,
 No more her folly Gallia's vermin-feeds.
 They wait at Dover for the first fair wind,
 Soup-meagre in the van, and snuff roast-beef behind.

' Mighty barbers, mighty lords,
 Low on a greasy bench they lie!
 No pitying heart or purse affords
 A sixpence for a mutton-pye!
 Is the mealy 'prentice fled?
 Poor Coe is gone all supperless to bed.
 The swarm that in thy shop each morning sat,
 Comb their lank hair on forehead flat:
 Fair laughs the morn, when all the world are beaux,
 While vainly strutting through a silly land,
 In foppish train the puppy barber goes;
 Lace on his shirt, and money at command,
 Regardless of the skulking bailiff's sway,
 That, hid in some dark court, expects his ev'ning prey.

' The porter-mug fill high,
 Bak'd curls and locks prepare;
 Rest of our heads, they yet by wigs may live:
 Close by the greasy chair
 Fell thirst and famine lie,
 No more to Art will beauteous Nature give.
 Heard ye the gang of Fielding say,
 Sir John *, at last we've found their haunt;
 To desperation driv'n by hungry want,
 Through the cramm'd laughing pit they steal their way?
 Ye tow'rs of Newgate! London's lasting shame,
 By many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 Revere poor Mr. Coe the blacksmith's † fame
 And spare the grinning barber's chuckle head.
 ' Rascals! we tread thee under foot,
 (Weave we the woof; the thread is spun:)
 Our beards we pull out by the root;
 (The web is wove—your work is done.)'
 ' Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 Leave me uncurl'd, undinner'd, here to mourn.
 Through the broad gate that leads to College Hall
 They melt, they fly, they vanish all.
 But oh! what happy scenes of pure delight,
 Slow moving on, their simple charms unroll!
 Ye rapt'rous visions, spare my aching sight;
 Ye unborn beauties, crowd not on my soul,
 No more our long-lost Coventry we wail:
 All hail! ye genuine forms; fair nature's issue, hail!
 ' Not frizz'd and fritter'd, pinn'd and roll'd,
 Sublime their artless locks they wear,
 And gorgeous dames, and judges old,
 Without their tetes and wigs appear.
 In the midst a form divine,
 Her dress bespeaks the Pennsylvanian line,
 Her port demure, her grave religious face,
 Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.

* Sir John Fielding, the active police magistrate of that day.

† Coe's father, the blacksmith of Cambridge.

What sylphs and spirits wanton through the air!
 What crowds of little angels round her play!
 Hear from thy sepulchre, great Penn! oh hear!
 A scene like this might animate thy clay.
 Simplicity, now soaring as she sings,
 Waves in the eye of Heav'n her quaker-colour'd wings.

‘ No more toupees are seen
 That mock at Alpine height,
 And queues with many a yard of ribband bound,
 All now are vanish'd quite.
 No tongs, or torturing pin,
 But ev'ry head is trimm'd quite snug around :
 Like boys of the cathedral choir,
 Curls, such as Adam wore, we wear,
 Each simpler generation blooms more fair,
 Till all that's artificial shall expire.
 Vain puppy boy! think'st thou yon' essenc'd cloud,
 Rais'd by thy puff, can vie with nature's hue?
 To-morrow see the variegated crowd
 With ringlets shining like the morning dew.
 Enough for me: with joy I see
 The different dooms our fates assign :
 Be thine to love thy trade and starve;
 To wear what Heaven bestow'd be mine.'
 He said, and headlong from the trap-stairs' height,
 Quick through the frozen street he ran in shabby plight.”

Here may be traced the same flow of wit and felicity of expression by which the speeches of *ERSKINE* are constantly distinguished. This early effort of his faculties augured well, and has been followed by a rich and an abundant harvest.

Letters from the Reverend Mr. Job Orton and the Reverend Sir James Stonehouse, Bart. M. D. to the Reverend Thomas Stedman, A. M. Vicar of St. Chad's, Shrewsbury. In Two Volumes. Longman and Rees.

THE first of these volumes appeared some years ago, and is now reprinted with several additional notes and observations. Mr. Orton was a man of eminence, distinguished for his talents, learning, and piety. In these letters he gives freely his opinion concerning various theological works, the perusal of them cannot fail to facilitate our improvement.

Dr. James Stonehouse was formerly a physician at Northampton; and it is the monument of his *first* wife that many of our readers may have seen in *Hervey's Meditations*. Declining the medical line he entered the church, and became a very popular preacher at All Saints, Bristol. The writer of this article has often heard him there with pleasure. Indeed he remembers being present at his last sermon, upon this text—*The eye that now sees me shall soon see me no more!* The audience was deeply affected, and seemed much to regret his retirement from an office, the duties of which he discharged with fidelity.

Dr. Stonehouse received some lessons on oratory from GARRICK, which he appears to have duly improved. Miss Hannah More also was his most intimate friend, and the letters are here and there interspersed with some original pieces of her poetry.

The letters in number are *sixty-two*, and embrace a variety of subjects. Mr. Stedman was for some time curate to Dr. Stonehouse, and several of the epistles contain advice respecting the pastoral office; of course the topic must be useful to the clergy of almost every denomination.

This worthy man died December the 8th, 1795, in the *eightieth* year of his age, and was buried in a chapel near the Hot Wells, where an elegant monument is erected to his memory.

The propriety of thus coupling the letters of *Orton* and *Stonehouse* together, arose, we apprehend, from the circumstance of their having indulged, through life, a most endearing intimacy. It is natural then to find that in their death they should not be disunited; both volumes are serious and useful, and though we do not approve of their contents in *every particular*, yet in justice we must declare, that the work blends, in a considerable degree, entertainment and instruction.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*A Sonnet—Poems from Dodsley's Economy of Life—Inconstancy of Anna—Lines to a Lady leaving England—*And the communication from F. J. Birmingham, shall have a place in our MISCELLANY. The Lines on *Viewing the Moon*, are too prosaic for insertion.

The *Essay on Right Conduct*, by T. shall be inserted. The *Biographical Sketches* came too late for this month, but shall appear in our subsequent numbers. We are obliged to their Compiler for his labour, and our readers, we doubt not, will be pleased with his judgment and industry.

To *Argus*, we shall be much obliged for his communications—And we thank *Anna Maria* for her very pleasing pieces of poetry—*Celia* also shall have a place in our MISCELLANY.

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ALEXANDER POPE ESQ^r

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